

HUDIBRAS.

The First P A R T.

WRITTEN

In the Time of the

Late Wars.

Corrected and Amended,

With Several

ADDITIONS and ANNOTATIONS.

L O N D O N:

Printed by E. P. for Geo. Sawbridge, in
Little-Britain, 1704.

HUDIBRAS

THE FIRST PART

BY JOHN BUTLER

IN THREE VOLUMES



LONDON: Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall, 1725.

By Authority, W. DODD, Printer, in Pall-mall.

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TO THE
READER.

POeta nascitur non fit, is a Sentence of as great Truth as Antiquity ; it being most certain, that all the acquir'd Learning imaginable is insufficient to compleat a Poet, without a Natural Genius, and Propensity to so Noble and Sublime an Art. And we may without Offence observe that many very Learned Men, who have been ambitious to be thought Poets, have only render'd themselves Obnoxious to that Satyrical Inspiration, our Author wittily invokes ;

Which made them, though it were
in spight
Of Nature, and their Stars to write.

To the READER..

On the other side, some who have had very little Human Learning, but were endued with a large share of Natural Wit and Parts, have become the most Celebrated Poets of the Age they lived in. But as these last are Raræ Aves in Terris, so when the Muses have not disdained the Assurances of other Arts and Sciences, we are then bless'd with those lasting Monuments of Wit and Learning, which may justly claim a kind of Eternity upon Earth. And our Author, had his Modesty permitted him, might with Horace, have said,

Shakespear, D'Avenant, &c.

Exegi Monumentum Ære perennius ;

Or with Ovid,

Jamque opus Exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax
abolere Verustas.

The

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The Author of this Celebrated Poem, was of this last Composition; for altho' he had not the Happiness of an Academical Education, as some affirm, it may be perceiv'd, throughout his whole Poem, that he had read much, and was very well accomplished in the most useful Parts of Human Learning.

Rapin (in his Reflections) speaking of the necessary Qualities belonging to a Poet; tells us, he must have a Genius extraordinary, great Natural Gifts, a Wit Just, Fruitful, Piercing, Solid, and Universal; an Understanding, clean and distinct; an Imagination, neat and pleasant; an Elevation of Soul, that depends not only on Art or Study, but is purely a Gift of Heaven, which must be sustain'd by a lively Sense and Vivacity; Judgment to consider wisely of Things, and Vivacity for the Beautiful Expression of them, &c.

Now, how justly this Character is due to our Author, I leave to the Impartial Reader, and those of nicer Judgments, who

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had the Happiness to be more intimately acquainted with him.

The Reputation of this Incomparable Poem, is so thoroughly establish'd in the World, that it would be superfluous, if not impertinent, to endeavour any Panegyrick upon it. King Charles II. whom the judicious Part of Mankind will readily acknowledge to be a Sovereign Judge of Wit, was so great an Admirer of it, that he would often pleasantly quote it in his Conversation. However, since most Men have a Curiosity to have some Account of such Anonymous Authors, whose Compositions have been Eminent for Wit or Learning; I have been desir'd to oblige them with such Informations, as I could receive from those who had the Happiness to be acquainted with him, and also to rectifie the Mistakes of the Oxford Antiquary, in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, concerning him.

The

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T H E AUTHOR'S LIFE.

SAmuel Butler, the Author of this Excellent Poem, was born in the Parish of Strensham in the County of Worcester, and Baptized there the 13th of Feb. 1612. His Father, who was of the same Name, was an honest Country Farmer, who had some small Estate of his own, but Rented a much greater of the Lord of the Mannor where he lived. However, perceiving in this Son of his an early inclination to Learning, he made a shift to have him educated in the Free-School at Worcester, under Mr. Henry Bright, where having past the usual Time, and being become an excellent School-Scholar, he went for some little time to Cambridge, but was never matriculated into that University; his Father's Abilities not being sufficient to be at the Charge of an Academical Education, so that our Author returned soon into his Native Country, and became Clerk to one Mr. Jefferys of Earls-Croom, an

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Eminent Justice of the Peace for that County, with whom he liv'd some years in an easie and no contemptible Service. Here, by the Indulgence of a kind Master, he had sufficient leisure to apply himself to whatsoever Learning his Inclinations lead him to, which were chieftly History and Poetry, to which for his Diversion, he join'd Musick and Painting; and I have seen some Pictures, said to be of his Drawing, which remain'd in that Family, which I mention not for the Extollency of them, but to satisfy the Reader of his early Inclinations to that Noble Art, for which also he was afterwards entirely beloved by Mr. Samuel Cooper, one of the most Eminent Painters of his Time.

He was after this recommended to that great Encourager of Learning, Elizabeth Countess of Kent, where he had not only the opportunity to consult all manner of Learned Books, but to converse also with that living Library of Learning, the Great Mr. Selden.

Our Author liv'd some time also with Sir Samuel Luke, who was of an Ancient Family in Bedfordshire, but, to his
Dispo-

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Dishonour, an Eminent Commander under the Usurper Oliver Cromwell, and then it was, as I am inform'd, he Compos'd this Loyal Poem. For tho' Fate more than Choice seems to have plac'd him in the Service of a Knight so Notorious, both in his Person and Politicks; yet by the Rule of Contraries, one may observe throughout his whole Poem, that he was most Orthodox, both in his Religion and Loyalty. And I am the more induc'd to believe he wrote it about that time, because he had then the Opportunity to converse with those Living Characters of Rebellion, Nonsense, and Hypocrisie, which he so Lively and Pathetically exposes throughout the whole Work.

After the Restauration of King Charles II. those who were at the Helm minding Money more than Merit, our Author found that Verse of Juvenal to be exactly verified in himself;

Haud facile emergunt, quorum Virtutibus obstat,

Res angusta Domi;

And

To the READER.

And being endued with that Innate Modesty, which rarely finds Promotion in Princes Courts ; he became Secretary to Richard Earl of Carbury, Lord President of the Principality of Wales, who made him Steward of Ludlow Castle, when the Court there was revived. About this time he married one Mrs. Herbert, a Gentlewoman of a very good Family, but no Widow, as our Oxford Antiquary has reported : She had a competent Fortune, but it was most of it unfortunately lost, by being put out on ill Security, so that it was little Advantage to him. He is reported by our Antiquary, to have been Secretary to his Grace George Duke of Buckingham, when he was Chancellour to the University of Cambridge ; but whether that be true or no, 'tis certain, the Duke had a great Kindness for him, and was often a Benefactor to him. But no Man was a more generous Friend to him, than that *Mecænas* of all Learned and Witty Men, Charles Lord Buckhurst, now Earl of Dorset and Middlesex ; who, being himself an excellent Poet, knew how

To the READER.

how to set a just Value upon the Ingenious Performances of others, and has often taken care privately to relieve and supply the Necessities of those, whose Modesty would endeavour to conceal them, of which our Author was a signal Instance, as several others have been, who are now living. In fine, the Integrity of his Life, the Acuteness of his Wit, and Easiness of his Conversation, had render'd him most acceptable to all Men; yet he prudently avoided multiplicity of Acquaintance, and wisely chose such only whom his discerning Judgment could distinguish (as Mr. Cowley expresseth it)

From the Great Vulgar or the Small.

And he having thus liv'd to a good Old Age, Admir'd by all, though personally known to few, he departed this Life in the Year 1680, and was buryed at the Charge of his good Friend Mr. L--vil of the Temple, in the Yard belonging to the Church of St. Paul's Covent Garden, at the West end of the said Yard, on the North-

To the READER.

North-side under the Wall of the said Church, and under that Wall, which parts the Yard from the Common Highway. And since he has no Monument yet set up for him, give me leave to borrow his Epitaph from that of Michael Drayton the Poet, as the Author of Mr. Cowley's has partly done before me:

And though no Monument can claim
To be the Treasurer of thy Name;
This Work, which n'er will die, shall be
An Everlasting Monument to thee.

The Characters of this Poem are for the most part obvious, even to the meanest Pretender's to Learning or History; nor can scarce any one be so Ignorant, as not to know, that the chief Design thereof, is a Satyr against those Incendiaries of Church and State, who in the late Rebellion, under Pretence of Religion, Murdered the best of Kings, to Introduce the worst of Governments; destroy'd the best of Churches, that Hypocrisie, Novelty, and Nonsense, might be predominant amongst us, and overthrow our wholesome Laws and Constitutions, to make way
for

To the READER.

for their Blessed Anarchy and Confusion, which at last ended in Tyranny. But since, according to the Proverb, None are so blind, as they that will not see; so those who are not resolv'd to be invinceably Ignorant, I refer, for their farther Satisfaction, to the Histories of Mr. Fowlis of Presbytery, Mr. Walker of Independency; but more especially to that Incomparable History lately Published, wrote by Edward late Earl of Clarendon, which are sufficient to satisfy any unbiass'd Person, that his general Characters are not fictitious: and I could heartily wish, these Times were so reformed, that they were not applicable to some even now living. However, there being several particular Persons reflected on, which are not commonly known, and some old Stories and uncouth Words, which want Explication, we have thought fit to do that Right to their Memories, and for the better Information of the unlearned Readers, to explain them in some Additional Annotations, at the end of this Part.

How often the Imitation of this Poem has been attempted, and with how little Success,

To the READER.

cess, I leave the Readers to Judge; in the Year (63) there came out a Spurious Book, called, The Second Part of *Hudibras*, which is reflected upon by our Author, under the Character of Whachum, towards the latter end of his Second Part: Afterwards came out the Dutch and Scotch *Hudibras*, Butler's Ghost, the Occasional Hypocrite, and some others of the same Nature, which compar'd with this, (*Virgil Travesty* excepted) deserve only to be condemn'd, ad Ficum & Piperem; or if you please, to more base and servile Offices.

Some vain Attempts have been likewise made to translate some Parts of it into Latin, but how far they fall short of that Spirit of the English Wit, I leave the meanest Capacity that understands them to Judge. The following Simile's I have heard were done by the Learned Dr. Harmar, once Greek Professor at Oxon.

So Learned Taliacotius from, &c.

Sic adscititios nasos de clune torosi
Vectoris, doctâ secuit Taliacotius Arte:
Qui potuere parem durando æquare Parentem.
At postquam fatis Clunis computruit, ipsum
Una sympathicum cœpit tabescere Rostrum.

So

To the READER.

So VVind in th' Hypochondres pent, &c.

Sic Hypochondriacis inclusa meatibus Aura
Definet in crepitum, si fertur prona per alvum,
Sed si summa petat, montisque invaserit arcem
Divinus furor est, & conscia Flamma futuri.

So Lawyers least the Bear Defendant, &c.

Sic Legum mystæ, nè forsan Pax foret, Ursam
Inter furantem sese, Actoremque Molossam;
Faucibus Injiciunt clavos dentisque refigunt
Luctantesq; canes coxis, coxendisque revellunt,
Errores justasque moras obtendere certis,
Judiciumq; prius revocare ut prorsus iniquum.
Tandem post aliquod breve respiramen
utrinque,
Ut pugnas iterent, crebris hortatibus urgent.
Eja! agite ô cives, iterumq; in prælia trudent.

*There are some Verses, which for Reason of
State, easie to be guess'd at, were thought fit
to be omitted in the first Impression, as these
which follow;*

Did not the Learned Glyn and Maynard,
To make good Subjects Traitors strain hard,
Was not the King by Proclamation,
Declar'd a Traitor thro' the Nation,

*And now I heartily wish I could gratifie your
farther Curiosity with some of those Golden
Remains, which are in the Custody of
Mr. Longuevil; but not having the Hap-
piness*

To the READER.

pires to be very well acquainted with him, nor Interest to procure them, I desire you will be content with the following Copy, which the Ingenious Mr. Aubrey assures he had from the Author himself.

No Jesuit e'er took in Hand;
To plant a Church in barren Land;
Nor ever thought it worth the while,
A Swede or Rast to reconcile.
For where there is no store of Wealth,
Souls are not worth the Charge of Health;
Spain in America, had two Designs
To sell their Gospel for their Mines.
For had the *Mexicans* been poor,
No *Spaniard* twice had landed on their Shore.
'Twas Gold the Catholick Religion planted,
Which had they wanted Gold, they still had wanted.

The Oxford Antiquary ascribes to our Author two Pamphlets, supposed falsely, as he says, to be William Pryn's. The one entitled, *Mola Asinaria*, or the Unreasonable and Insupportable Burthen, press'd upon the Shoulders of this Groaning Nation, &c. London 1659, in one Sheet 4to. The other two Letters, one from John Audland a Quaker to Will. Pryn, the other Pryn's Answer in three Sheets in Folio, 1672.

To the READER.

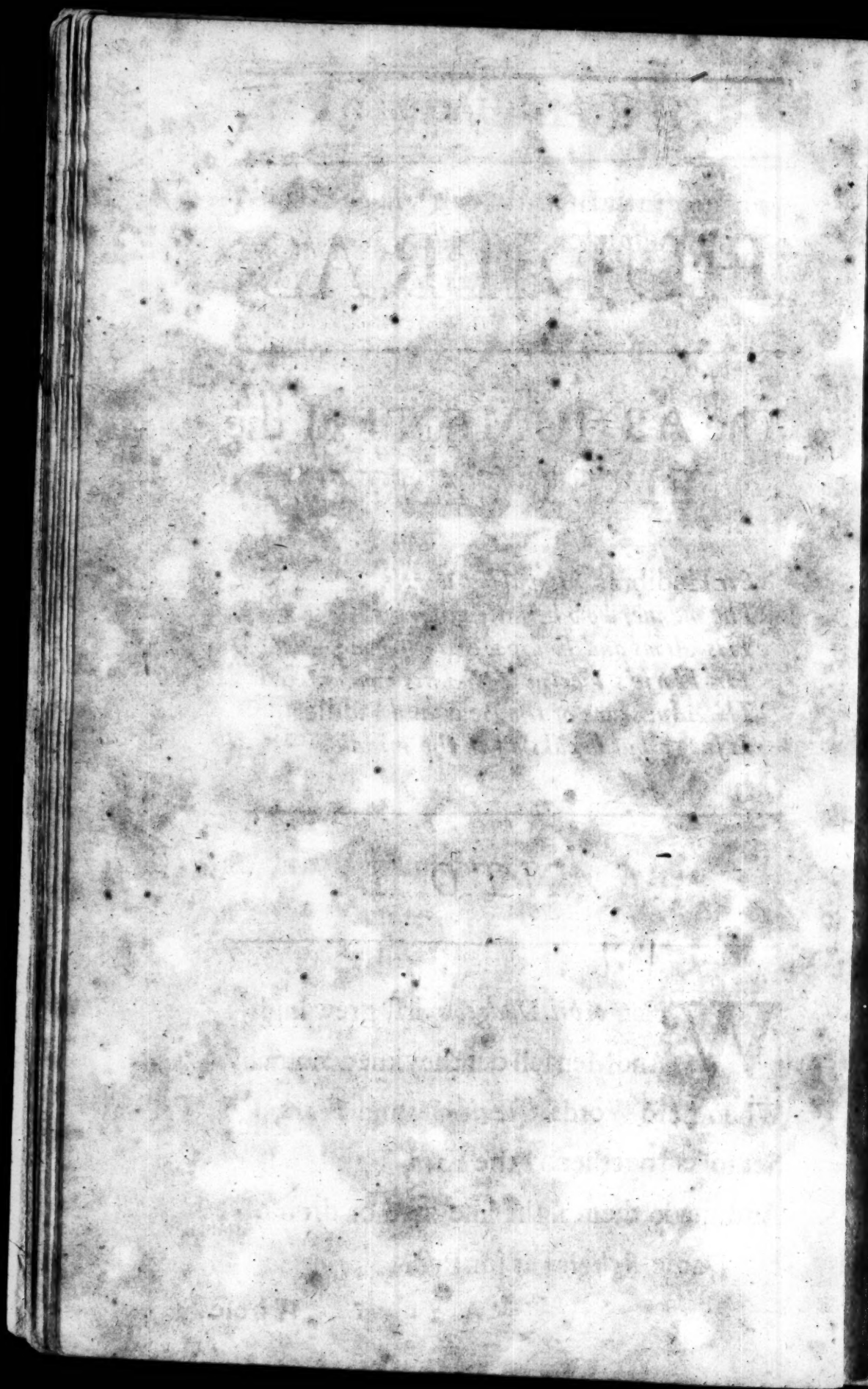
I have also seen a small Poem of one Sheet in Quarto, on Du Vall a Notorious High-way-man, said to be wrote by our Author, but how truly, I know not.

Inimitable Butler's dead, Alas !
None that survive, can equal *Hu-*
dibras.

A

The

®
S



HUDIBRAS.

The ARGUMENT of the FIRST CANTO.

*Sir Hudibras his passing worth,
The manner how he sally'd forth:
His Arms and Equipage are shown;
His Horse's Vertues, and his own.
Th' Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.*

CANTO I.

WHen civil Dudgeon first grew high,
And Men fell out they knew not why:
When hard Words, Jealousies and Fears,
Set folks together by the Ears,
And made them fight like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for Punk,

2 C A N T O I.

Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Tho' not a Man of them knew wherefore :
When *Gospel-Trumpeter*, surrounded,
With long-ear'd Rout, to Battel sounded,
And Pulpit, Drum Ecclesiastick,
VVas beat with Fist, instead of a Stick :
Then did Sir *Knight* abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a Colonelling.

A VVight he was whose very sight wou'd
Entitle him *Mirror of Knight-hood* ;
That never bent his stubborn Knee
To any thing but Chivalry,
Nor put up Blow, but that which laid
Right VVorshipful on Shoulder-blade :
Chief of Domestick Knights and Errant,
Either for Chartel or for VVarrant :
Great on the Bench, Great in the Saddle,
That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle.
Mighty he was at Both of these,
And styl'd of *War* as well as *Peace*.
(So some Rats of Amphibious Nature,
Are either for the Land or VVater.)

But

But here our Authors make a Doubt,
 Whether he were more Wise, or Stout.
 Some hold the one, and some the other,
 But howfoe'er they make a Pother,
 The difference was so small, his Brain
 Outweigh'd his Rage but half a Grain.
 Which made some take him for a Tool
 That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool ;
 For 't has been held by many, that
 As *Mountaigne*, playing with his Cat,
 Complains she thought him but an Ass,
 Much more she would Sir *Hudibras*,
 (For that's the Name our valiant Knight
 To all his Challenges did write.)
 But they're mistaken very much,
 'Tis plain enough he was no such,
 VVe grant altho' he had much VVit,
 H' was very shie of using it,
 As being loth to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about.
 Unless on Holy-Days, or so,
 As Men their best Apparel do.

4 C A N T O I.

Beside 'tis known he could speak *Greek*,
As naturally as Pigs squeek :

That *Latine* was no more difficile,
Than to a Blackbird 'tis to whistle:
Being rich in both he never scant'd
His Bounty unto such as wanted ;
But much of either would afford
To many, that had not one Word.

For *Hebrew* Roots, although th' are found
To flourish most in barren Ground,
He had such Plenty, as suffic'd
To make some think him circumcis'd :

And truly so, he was perhaps,
Not as a Profelyte but for Claps.
He was in *Logick* a great Critick,
Profoundly skill'd in Analytick.

He could distinguish, and divide
A Hair 'twixt *South* and *South West* side :
On either which he would dispute,
Confute' change hands, and still confute,
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of Argument, a Man's no Horse.

He'd

C A N T O I. 5

He'd prove a Buzzard is no Fowl,
And that a *Lord* may be an Owl;
A Calf an *Alderman*, a Goose a *Justice*,
And Rooks *Committee-Men* and *Trustees*.
He'd run in Debt by Disputation,
And pay with Ratiocination.

All this by Syllogism, true
In Mood and Figure, he would do.

For *Rhetorick*, he could not ope
His Mouth, but out there flew a Trope:
And when he hap'ned to break off
I' th' middle of his Speech, or cough,
H' had hard Words, ready to shew why,
And tell what Rules he did it by.

Else when with greatest Art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other Folk.

For all a *Rhetorician's* Rules

Teach nothing but to name his Tools.

But, when he pleas'd to shew't, his Speech
In loftiness of sound was rich,

A *Babylonish* Dialect,

Which learned Pedants much affect.

6 C A N T O I.

It was a Parti-colour'd Dress
Of patch'd and Pye-ball'd Languages :
'Twas *English* cut on *Greek* and *Latin*,
Like Fustian heretofore on Satin.
It had an odd promiscuous Tone,
As if h' had talk'd three parts in one,
VVhich made some think when he did gabble
Th' had heard three Labourers of *Babel* ;
Or *Cerberus* himself pronounce
A Leash of Languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent
As if his stock would ne'er be spent :
And truly to support that Charge
He had Supplies as vast and large.
For he could coyn or counterfeit
New words with little or no VVir :
VVords so debas'd and hard, no stone
VVas hard enough to touch them on.
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The Ignorant for current took 'em.
That had the Orator who once
Did fill his Mouth with Pebble stones

When

C A N T O I. 7

When he harangu'd ; but known his Phrase,
He would have us'd no other ways.

In *Mathematicks* he was greater
Then *Tycho Brahe*, or *Erra Pater* :
For he by *Geometrick* Scale
Could take the Size of *Pots of Ale* ;
Resolve by Signs and Tangents straight,
If *Bread* or *Butter* wanted weight ;
And wisely tell what hour o' th' Day
The Clock does strike by *Algebra*.

Beside he was a shrewd *Philosopher* ;
And had read every Text and Gloss over ;
What e'er the crabbed'st Author hath
He understood b'implicit Faith,
What ever *Sceptick* could inquire for ;
For every *why* he had a *wherefore* ;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as Words and Terms could go.
All which he understood by Rote,
And as occasion serv'd, would quote ;
No matter whether right or wrong :
They might be either said or sung.

His

8 · C A N T O I.

His Notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell ;
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as Great Clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to Acts,
And knew their Natures by Abstracts,
Where Entity and Quiddity
The Ghost of defunct Bodies fly ;
Where Truth in Person does appear,
Like Words congeal'd in Northern Air.
He knew *what's what*, and that's as high
As *Metaphysick Wit* can fly.
In *School Divinity* as able
As he that hight *Irrefragable* ;
A second *Thomas* or at once
To name them all, another *Duns*.
Profound in all the Nominal
And real ways beyond them all,
For he a Rope of Sand could twist
As tough as Learned *Sorbonist*.
And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for Scull
That's empty when the Moon is full ;

Such

C A N T O I. 9

Such as take Lodgings in a Head
That's to be let Unfurnished.
He could raise Scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice :
As if Divinity had catch'd
The Itch, of purpose to be scratch'd ;
Or, like a Mountebank, did wound
And stab her self with Doubts profound,
Only to shew with how small pain
The Sores of Faith are cur'd again ;
Altho' by woful Proof we find,
They always leave a Scar behind.
He knew the Seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what Degree it lies :
And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it,
Below the Moon, or else above it.
What *Adam* dreamt of when his Bride
Came from her Closet in his side :
Whether the Devil tempted her
By a *High-Dutch* Interpreter :
If either of them had a Navel ;
Who first made Musick malleable :

Whe-

10 C A N T O N I.

Whether the Serpent at the Fall
Had Cloven Feet, or none at all.
All this without a Gloss, or Comment,
He would unriddle in a moment
In proper terms, such as Men smatter
When they throw out and miss the Matter.

For his *Religion* it was fit
To match his Learning and his Wit :
Twas *Presbyterian* true Blew,
For he was of that stubborn Crew
Of Errant Saints, whom all Men grant
To be the true Church *Militant* :
Such as do build their Faith upon
The holy Text of *Pike* and *Gun* ;
Decide all Controversies by
Infallible Artillery ;
And prove their Doctrine Orthodox
By Apostolick *Blows* and *Knocks* ;
Call Fire and Sword and Desolation,
A godly-thorough-Reformation,
Which always must be carry'd on,
And still be doing, never done ;

As

As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A Sect, whose chief Devotion lies
In odd perverse Antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss :
More peevish, cross, and spleenetick,
Than Dog distract, or Monky sick.
That with more care keep Holy-day
The wrong, than others the right way :
Compound for Sins, they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to ;
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worship'd God for spight.
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow.
All Piety consists therein
In them, in other Men all Sin,
Rather than fail, they will defie
That which they love most tenderly,

Quarrel

Quarrel with *Minc'd Pies*, and disparage
 Their best and dearest Friend *Plum-Porridge*
 Fat *Pig* and *Goose* it self oppose,
 And blaspheme *Custard* through the *Nose*.
 Th' Apostles of this fierce Religion,
 Like *Mahomet's*, were *As*s and *Widgeon*,
 To whom our Knight by fast Instinct
 Of Wit and Temper was so linkt,
 As if Hypocrisie and Non-sence
 Had got th' Advowson of his Conscience.

Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
 We mean on th' inside, not the outward:
 That next of all we shall discuss;
 Then listen, Sirs, it follows; thus.

His tawny *Beard* was th' equal Grace
 Both of his *VV*isdom and his Face;
 In Cut and Dye so like a Tile,
 A sudden View it would beguile:
 The upper part thereof was *VV*hey,
 The nether Orange mixt with Grey.
 This hairy Meteor did denounce
 The Fall of Scepters and of Crowns;

*VV*ith

With grizly Type did represent
Declining Age of Government ;
And tell with Hieroglyphick Spade,
Its own Grave and the State's were made.
Like *Sampson's* Heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a Nation rue ;
Tho' it contributed its own Fall,
To wait upon the publick Downfal.
It was Monastick, and did grow
In holy Orders by strict Vow ;
Of Rule as sullen and severe,
As that of rigid *Cordeliere* :
'Twas bound to suffer Persecution
And Martyrdom with Resolution ;
T' oppose it self against the Hate
And Vengeance of th' incensed State :
In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot Irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and spit upon, and Martyr'd.
Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,
As long as Monarchy should last.

But

But when the State should hap to reel,
 'Twas to submit to fatal Steel,
 And fall, as it was consecrate
 A Sacrifice to fall of State ;
 Whose Thred of Life the fatal Sisters,
 Did twist together with its Whiskers,
 And twine so close, that time should never,
 In Life or Death, their Fortunes sever ;
 But with his rusty Sickle mow
 Both down together at a Blow.

So learned *Taliacotius* from
 The brawny part of Porter's Bum,
 Cut supplemental Noses, which
 Would last as long as Parent Breech :
 But when the Date of *Nock* was out,
 Off dropt the Sympathetick Snout.

His *Back*, or rather Burthen, shew'd
 As if it stoopt with its own Load.
 For as *Æneas* bore his Sire
 Upon his Shoulders thro' the Fire :
 Our Knight did bear no less a Pack
 Of his own Buttocks on his Back :

Which

Which now had almost got the Upper-
 Hand of his Head, for want of Crupper:
 To poize this equally, he bore
 A *Paunch* of the same Bulk before :
 Which still he had a special Care
 To keep well cramm'd with thrifty Fare ;
 As White-pot, Butter-milk, and Curds,
 Such as a Country-house affords ;
 With other Victual, which anon
 We further shall dilate upon,
 When of his Horse we come to treat,
 The Cup-board where he kept his Meat:

His *Doublet* was of sturdy Buff,
 And though not Sword, yet Gudgeon proof ;
 Whereby 'twas fitter for his Use,
 That fear'd no Blows but such as bruise!

His *Breeches* were of rugged Woollen.
 And had been at the Siege of *Bullen* ;
 To old King *Harry* so well known,
 Some Writers held they were his own.
 Through they were lin'd with many a piece
 Of Ammunition-Bread and Cheese,

And fat Black-Puddings, proper Food
For Warriors that delight in Blood,
For, as we said, He always chose
To carry Vittle in his Hose,
That often tempted Rats and Mice,
The Ammunition to surprize :
And when he put a Hand but in
The one or th' other Magazine,
They stoutly in defence on't stood,
And from the wounded Foe drew Blood,
And till th'were storm'd and beaten out,
Ne'er left the Fortify'd Redoubt ;
And though Knights Errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough Desarts vast
And Regions desolate they past,
Where Belly-Timber above Ground,
Or under was not to be found,
Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
Of there Provision on Record :
Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomachs, but to fight.

'Tis

C A N T O I. 17

'Tis false: for *Arthur* wore in Hall
 Round Table like a Farthingal,
 On which, with Shirt pull'd out behind,
 And eke before his good Knights din'd.
 Though 'twas no Table some suppose,
 But a huge Pair of round Trunk Hose;
 In which he carry'd as much Meats
 As he and all his Knights could eat,
 When laying by their Swords and Truncheons,
 They took their Breakfasts, or their Nuncheons;
 But let that pass at present, lest
 We should forget where we digress;
 As Learned Authors use, to whom
 We leave it, and to th' purpose come.

His puissant *Sword* unto his side
 Near his undaunted Heart was ty'd,
 With Basket-hilt, that would hold Broth,
 And serve for Fight and Dinner both.
 In it he melted Lead for Bullets,
 To shoot at Foes, and sometimes Pullets;
 To whom he bore so fell a Grutch,
 He ne'er gave Quarter t' any such.

The trenchant Blade, *Toledo* trusty,
 For want of Fighting was grown rusty,
 And ate into it self, for lack
 Of some Body to hew and hack.
 The peaceful *Scabbard* where it dwelt,
 The Rancor of its Edge had felt :
 For of the lower End two Handful ;
 It had devoured, 'twas so Manful ;
 And so much scorn'd to lurk in Case,
 As if it durst not shew its Face.
 In many desperate Attempts,
 Of Warrants, Exigents, Contempts,
 It had appear'd with Courage bolder
 Than Sergeant *Bum*, invading Shoulder.
 Oft had it ta'en possession,
 And Pris'ners too, or made them run.
 This Sword a *Dagger* had his Page,
 That was but little for his Age :
 And therefore waited on him so,
 As Dwarfs upon Knights Errant do.
 It was a serviceable Dudgeon,
 Either for fighting or for drudging,

When

CANTO I. 19

When it had stabb'd, or broke a Head,
It would scrape Trenchers, or chip Bread,
Toast Cheese or Bacon, though it were
To bait a Mouse-trap 'twould not care,
'Twould make clean Shoes, and in the Earth
Set Leeks and Onions, and so forth.

It had been 'Prentice to a Brewer,
Where this and more it did endure.
But left the Trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same Score :

In th' Holsters, at his Saddle-bow,
Two aged Pistols he did stow,
Among the Surplus of such Meat
As in his Horse he could not get.
They were upon hard Duty still,
And every night stood Centinel,
To guard the Magazine i' th' Horse
From two legg'd and from four legg'd Foes.
Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight
From peaceful home set forth to fight.
But first with nimble, active Force
He got on th' outside of his Horse,

For having but one Stirrup ty'd
 T' his Saddle, on the further side,
 It was so short h' had much ado
 To reach it with his desp'rate Toe.
 But after many strains and heaves,
 He got up to his Saddle Eaves.
 From whence he vaulted into th' Seat
 With so much Vigour, Strength, and Heat,
 That he had almost tumbled over
 With his own Weight, but did recover,
 By laying hold on Tail and Main,
 Which oft he us'd instead of Rein.

But now we talk of mounting Steed,
 Before we further do proceed,
 It doth behove us to say something,
 Of that which bore our Valiant *Bumkin*.

The Beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
 With Mouth of Meal and Eyes of wall;
 I would say Eye, for h' had but one,
 As most agree, though some say none,
 He was well stay'd, and in his Gate
 Preserv'd a Grave, Majestick State.

.At

C A N T O I. 21.

At Spur or Switch no more he skipt,
Or mended Pace, than *Spaniard* whipt :
And yet so fiery he would bound,
As if he griev'd to touch the Ground :
That *Cæsar's* Horse, who, as Fame goes,
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes,
Was not by half so tender hooft,
Nor trod upon the Ground so soft.
And as that Beast would kneel and stoop,
(Some write) to take his Rider up :
So *Hudibras* his ('tis well known)
Would often do, to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of Leather was upon his Back :
For that was hidden under Pad,
And Breech of Knight gall'd full as bad.
His strutting Ribs on Both sides show'd
Like Furrows he himself had plow'd :
For underneath the Skirt of Pannel,
Twixt every two there was a Channel
His dragling Tail hung in the Dirt,
Which on his Rider he would flurt,

Still as his tender Side he prickt,
 With arm'd Heel, or with unarm'd, kickt ;
 For *Hudibras* wore but one Spur,
 As wisely knowing, could he stir
 To active trot one side of's Horse,
 The other would not hang an Arse.

A *Squire* he had, whose Name was *Ralph*,
 That in th' Adventure went his half.
 Though Writers, for more stately Tone,
 Do call him *Ralpho*, 'tis all one :
 And when we can with Meeter safe,
 We'll call him so, if not, plain *Raph* ;
 (For Rhyhme the Rudder is of Verses, [ses.]
 With which, like Ships, they steer their Cour-
 An equal stock of Wit and Valour
 He had laid in, by Birth a Taylor.
 The mighty *Tyrian* Queen that gain'd
 With subtle Shreds, a Tract of Land.
 Did leave it with a Castle fair
 To his great Ancestor, her Heir :
 From him descended cross-legg'd Knights,
 Fam'd for their Faith and Warlike Fights

Against

Against the bloody Canibal,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
This sturdy Squire, that had as well
As the bold *Trojan* Knight, seen Hell,
Not with a counterfeited Pals
Of Golden Bough, but true Gold-Lace.
His *Knowledge* was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't,
Some call it *Gifts*, and some *New Light*.
A liberal Art, that costs no Pains
Of Study, Industry, or Brains.
His wits were sent him for a Token,
But in the Carriage crackt and broken.
Like Commendation Nine-pence, crookt
With to and from my Love, it lookt,
He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
To look a Gift-Horse in the Mouth;
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth.
But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too.

For

For Saints themselves will sometimes be
Of Gifts that cost them nothing, free.

By means of this, with *Hem* and *Cough*,
Prolongers to enlightned Stuff,

He could deep Mysteries unriddle,

As easily as thread a Needle ;

For as of Vagabonds we say,

That they are ne'er beside their Way :

What e'er Men speak by this *New Light*,

Still they are sure to be i'th right.

'Tis a *dark-Lanthorn* of the Spirit,

Which none see by but those that bear it:

A Light that falls down from on high,

For Spiritual Trades to cozen by :

An *Ignis Fatuus* that bewitches

And leads Men into Pools and Ditches,

To make them *dip* themselves, and sound

For *Christendom* in dirty Pond ;

To dive, like Wild-fowl, for Salvation,

And fish to catch Regeneration.

This Light inspires, and plays upon

The Nose of Saint, like Bag-pipe Drone,

And

And speaks through hollow empty Soul,
 As through a Trunk, or whispering Hole,
 Such Language as no mortal Ear
 But Spiritual Eaves-droppers can hear.
 So *Phæbus*, or some Friendly Muse
 Into Small Poets Song infuse ;
 Which they at second-hand rehearse
 Through Reed or Bag Pipe, Verse for Verse.

Thus *Ralph* became infallible,
 As three or four legg'd Oracle,
 The Ancient Cup, or modern Chair ;
 Spoke Truth point-blank, though unaware.

For Mystick Learning, wondrous able
 In Magick *Talisman*, and *Cabal*,
 Whose primitive Tradition reaches
 As far as *Adam's* first green Breeches ;
 Deep sighted in Intelligences,
 Idea's, Atomes, Influences ;
 And much of *Terra Incognita*,
 The Intelligible World could say ;
 A deep Occult Philosopher,
 As learn'd as the *Wi'd Irish* are,

Or

Or Sir *Agrippa*, for profound
And solid Lying much renown'd :
He *Anthroposophus*, and *Floud*,
And *Jacob Behmen* understood ;
Knew many an Amulet and Charm ;
What would do neither good nor harm ;
In *Rosy-Crucian* Lore as Learned,
As he that *Vere adeptus* earned.
He understood the Speech of Birds
As well as they themselves do words :
Could tell what subtlest *Parrots* mean,
That speak and think contrary clean,
What *Member* 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry *Rode*, and *Walk*, *Knave*, *Walk*.
He'd extract Numbers out of Matter,
And keep them in a Glass, like Water,
Of Sov'reign Pow'r to make Men wise ;
For dropt in blear, thick-sighted Eyes,
They'd make them see in darkest Night,
Like Owls, though pur-blind in the Light
By help of these (as he profess)
He had *First Matter* seen undrest :

He

He took her naked all alone,
Before one *Rag* of *Form* was on.
The *Chaos* too he had descry'd,
And seen quite through, or else he ly'd :
Not that of Past-board, which Men shew
For Groats at Fair of *Barthol'mew* ;
But its great Granfire, first o'th' Name.
VVhence that and *Reformation* came
Both Cousin Germans, and right able
T' Inveigle and draw in the Rabble.
But *Reformation* was some say,
O' th' younger House to *Puppet-play*.
He could foretels whatever was
By consequence to come to pass.
As Death of Great Men, Alterations,
Diseases, Battels, Inundations,
All this without th' Eclipse of Sun,
Or dreadful Comet, he hath done
By inward Light, a way as good,
And easie to be understood.
But with more lucky hit than those
That use to make the Stars depose,

Like

28 CANTO I.

Like Khights o' th' Post, and falsly charge
Upon themselves what others forge :
As if they were consenting to
All mischief in the World Men do :
Or, like the Dev'l, did tempt and sway 'em
To Rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'll search a Planet's House, to know
Who broke and robb'd a House below :
Examine *Venus*, and the *Moon*
Who stole a Thimble or a Spoon :
And though they nothing will confess,
Yet by their very Look can guess,
And tell what guilty Aspect bodes,
Who stole, and who receiv'd the Goods.
They'll question *Mars*, and by his look
Detect who 'twas that nim'd a Cloke :
Make *Mercury* confess, and peach
Those Thieves which he himself did teach
They'll find i' th' Physiognomies
O' th' Planets, all Mens Destinies.
Like him that took the Doctor's Bill,
And swallow'd it instead o' th' *Pill*.

Cast the Nativity o' th' Question,
 And from Positions to be quest on,
 As sure as if they knew the Moment
 Of Natives Birth, tell what will come on't.
 They'll feel the pulses of the Stars,
 To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs;
 And tell what *Crisis* does Divine
 The Rot in Sheep, or Mange in Swine;
 In Men what gives or Cures the Itch,
 What makes them Cuckolds, poor or rich:
 What gains or loses, hangs or saves;
 What makes Men great, what Fools or Knaves;
 But not what Wife, for only of those
 The Stars (they say) cannot dispose,
 No more than can the Astrologians,
 There they say right, and like true *Trojans*.
 This *Ralpho* knew, and therefore took
 The other Course, of which we spoke.

Thus was th' Accomplish'd Squire endu'd
 With Gifts and Knowledge, per'lous shrewd.
 Never did trusty Squire with Knight,
 Or Knight with Squire jump more right.

Their

Their Arms and Equipage did fit,
 As well as Vertues, Parts, and Wit,
 Their Valours too were of a Rate,
 And out they fally'd at the Gate,
 Few Miles on Horseback had they jogged,
 But Fortune unto them turn'd dogged.
 For they a sad Adventure met,
 Of which we now prepare to Treat :
 But e'er we venture to unfold
 Achievements so resolv'd and bold,
 We should, as learned Poets use,
 Invoke th' Assistance of some *Muse* ;
 However Criticks count it sillier
 Than Juglers talking t' a Familiar.
 We think 'tis no great Matter which,
 They're all alike, yet we shall pitch
 On one that fits our purpose most,
 Whom therefore thus do we accost.
 Thou that with Ale viler Liquors,
 Didst inspire *Withers*, *Pryn*, and *Vickers*,
 And force them, though it were in spight
 Of Nature, and their Stars, to write ;

Who,

Who, as we find in sullen Writs,
And cross-grain'd Works of modern Wits,
With Vanity, Opinion, Want,
The wonder of the Ignorant,
The Praises of the Author, Pen'd
B' himself, or Wit-ensuring Friend ;
The Itch of Picture in the Front,
With Bays, and wicked Rhyme upon't,
All that is left o'th' forked Hill
To make Men scribble without Skill ;
Canst make a Poet spight of Fate,
And teach all People to translate ;
Though out of Languages in which
They understand no Part of Speech.
Assist me but this once, I'mpleore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.
In VVestern Clime there is a Town
To those that dwell therein well known.
Therefore there needs no more be sed here,
VVe unto them refer our Reader :
For brevity is very good,
VVhen w' are or are not understood.

To this Town People did repair
 On days of Market, or of Fair;
 And to crack'd Fiddle, and hoarse Tabor,
 In Merriment did drudge and labor:
 But now a Sport more formidable
 Had rak'd together Village Rabble.
 'Twas an old way of Recreating,
 Which learned Butchers call *Bear-Baiting*.
 A bold advent'rous Exercise,
 With ancient *Hero's* in high Prize;
 For Authors do affirm it came
 From *Isthmian*, or *Nemean* Game.
 Others derive it from the *Bear*
 That's fixt in Northern Hemisphere,
 And round about the Pole does make
 A Circle, like a Bear at Stake,
 That at the Chain's End wheels about,
 And over-turns the Rabble-Rout,
 For after Solemn Proclamation
 In the Bear's Name (as is the Fashion,
 According to the Law of Arms,
 To keep Men from inglorious Harms)

That

That none presume to come so near
 As forty Foot of Stake of Bear ;
 If any yet be so fool-hardy,
 T' expose themselves to vain Jeopardy ;
 If they come wounded off and lame,
 No Honour's got by such a Maim,
 Although the Bear gain much, b'ing bound
 In Honour to make good his Ground,
 When he's engag'd, and take no notice,
 If any press upon him, who 'tis,
 But lets them know at their own Cost
 That he intends to keep his Post.
 This to prevent, and other Harms,
 Which always wait on Feats of Arms,
 (For in the Hurry of a Fray
 'Tis hard to keep out of Harm's way)
 Thither the *Knight* his course did steer,
 To keep the Peace 'twixt *Dog* and *Bear* ;
 As he believ'd he was bound to do
 In Conscience and Commission too.
 And therefore thus bespoke the Squire ;
 We that are wisely mounted higher

Than Constables, in Curule Wit,
 When on Tribunal Bench we sit,
 Like Speculators should foresee,
 From *Pharos* of Authority,
 Portended Mischiefs farther then
 Low Proletarian Tithing Men.
 And therefore being inform'd by Brute,
 That *Dog* and *Bear* are to dispute ;
 For so of late Men fighting name,
 Because they often prove the same ;
 (For where the first does hap to be,
 The last does *coincidere*.)

Quantum in nobis, have thought good,
 To save th' Expence of Christian Blood,
 And try if we by Mediation
 Of Treaty and Accommodation
 Can end the Quarrel, and compose
 The bloody Duel, without Blows.
 Are not our Liberties, our Lives,
 The Laws, Religion, and our Wives,
 Enough at once to lye at stake
 For *Cov'nant* and the *Cause's* Sake ?

But

But in that Quarrel *Dogs* and *Bears*,
As well as we must venture theirs ?
This Feud by *Jesuits* invented,
By *evil Counsel* is fomented ;
There is a *Machiavilian* Plot,
(Though ev'ry *Naze* *olfact* it not)
A deep Design in't to divide
The well affected that confide,
By setting Brother against Brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not Enemies *plus satis*,
That *Cane* & *Angue pejus* hate us ?
And shall we turn our Fangs and claws
Upon our own selves without Cause ?
That some occult Design doth ly
In bloody *Cynarctomachy*,
Is plain enough to him that knows
How Saints lead Brothers by the nose.
I wish my self a Pseudo-Prophet,
But sure some Mischief will come of it ?
Unless by Providential Wit,
Or Force, we averruncate it.

For what Design, what Interest
 Can Beast have to encounter Beast ?
 They fight for no espoused Cause,
 Frail *Privilege*, *Fundamental Laws* ;
 Nor for a *thorough Reformation*,
 Nor *Covenant*, nor *Protestation* ;
 Nor for *free Liberty of Conscience*,
 Nor *Lords and Commons Ordinances* ;
 Nor for the *Church*, nor for *Church-Lands*,
 To get them in their own no Hands ;
 Nor *evil Counsellours* to bring
 To justice that seduce the King ;
 Nor for the *Worship of us Men*,
 Though we have done as much for them,
 Th' *Ægyptians* worship'd *Dogs* and, for
 Their Faith made internecine War.
 Others ador'd a *Rat*, and some
 For that *Church* suffer'd *Martyrdome*.
 The *Indian* fought for the *Truth*
 Of th' *Elephant*, and *Monkey's Tooth* :
 And many, to defend that Faith,
 Fought it out *mordicus* to Death.

But

But no Beast ever was so flight,
 For Man, as for his God to fight.
 They have more Wit, alas ! and know
 Themselves and us better than so.
 But we, who only do infuse
 The Rage in them like *Boute-feus*.
 'Tis our Example that instills
 In them th' Infection of our Ills.
 For as some late Philosophers
 Have well observ'd, Beasts that converse
 With Man, take after him, as Hogs
 Get Pigs all th' Year, and Bitches Dogs.
 Just so, by our Example, Cattel
 Learn to give one another Battel.
 We read, in *Nero's* time, the Heathen,
 When they destroy'd the *Christian Bretheren*,
 They sow'd them in the Skins of Bears,
 And then set Dogs about their Ears:
 From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
 Of this lewd Antichristian Game.

To this, quoth *Ralpho*, Verily,
 The point seems very plain to be.

The Prince of Cambay's daily food
Is *Aspe*, and *Pasflusk*, and *Toad*;
Which makes him have so strong a Breath,
Each night he stinks a *Queen* to death;

Yet I shall rather lie in's *Arms*
Than yours, on any other *terms*.

Quoth he, What *Nature* can afford,
I shall produce upon my Word;
And if she ever gave that *boon*
To Man, I'll prove that I have one;
I mean, by *postulate Illation*,

When you shall offer just Occasion;
But since y' have yet deny'd to give
My *Heart*, your *Prisoner*, a Reprieve,
But made it sink down to my heel,
Let that at least your pity feel,
And for the sufferings of your *Martyr*,
Give its poor Entertainer *quarter*;
And by *Discharge*, or *Main-prise* grant
Delivery from this base *Restraint*.

Quoth she, I grieve to see your *Leg*
Stuck in a hole here like a *Peg*,

And

And if I knew which way to do't,
(Your *Honour* safe) I'd let you out.
That *Dames* by *Goal-delivery*
Of *Errant Knights* have been set free,
When by *Enchantments* they have been,
And sometimes for it too, laid in;
Is that which *Knights* are bound to do
By *Order*, *Oath*, and *Honour* too:
For what are they *renown'd* and *fam'us* else,
But aiding of distressed *Damosels*?
But for a *Lady* no ways *Errant*
To free a *Knight*, we have no warrant
In any *Authenticall Romance*,
Or *Classick Author* yet of *France*:
And I'd be loth to have you break
An *Ancient Custom* for a *freak*,
Or *Innovation* introduce
In place of things of *Antick* use;
To free your heels by any course,
That might b' unwholesome to your *Spurs*:
Which if I shou'd consent unto,
It is not in my *Pow'r* to do;

For 'tis a service must be done ye
 With solemn previous Ceremony,
 Which always has been us'd to untie
 The *Charms* of those who here do lie;
 For as the *Ancients* heretofore
 To *Honour's Temple* had no door,
 But that which thorough *Vertue's* lay;
 So from this *Dungeon* there's no way
 To honour'd freedom, but by passing
 That other *Vertuous School of Lashing*,
 Where *Knights* are kept in narrow lists,
 With wooden *Lockets* 'bout their wrists,
 In which they for a while are *Tenants*,
 And for their *Ladies* suffer *Penance*,
Whipping, that's *Vertue's* Governess,
 Tutrefs of *Arts* and *Sciences*,
 That mends the gross mistakes of *Nature*,
 And puts new life into dull matter;
 That lays Foundation for *Renown*,
 And all the honours of the *Gown*:
 This suffer'd, they are set at large,
 And freed with honour'ble discharge:

Then

Then in their *Robes* the *Penitentials*
Are streight presented with *Credentials*,
And in their way attended on
By *Magistrates* of ev'ry Town;
And all respect, and charges paid,
They're to their ancient *Seats* convey'd.
Now if you'll venture for my sake
To try the toughness of your *back*,
And suffer (as the rest have done)
The laying of a *Whipping* on,
(And may you prosper in your suit,
As you with equal vigour do't)
I here engage my self to loose ye,
And free your *heels* from *Caperdensia*.
But since our *Sex's* modesty
Will not allow I shou'd be by,
Bring me on *Oath*, a fair account,
And *Honour* too, when you have don't;
And I'll admit you to the place
You claim as *due* in my good grace.
If *Matrimony* and *Hanging* go
By *Dest'ny*, why not *Whipping* too?

What

What med'cine else can cure the fits
Of *Lovers*, when they lose their *Wits*?
Love is a *Boy* by *Poets* styl'd,
Then Spare the Rod, and spoil the Child.

A *Persian* Emp'rour whip'd his Grandam
The Sea, his Mother *Venus* came on;
And hence some Rev'rend Men approve
Of *Rosemary* in making *Love*.
As skilful *Coopers* hoop their Tubs
With *Lydian* and with *Phrygian* Dubs;
Why may not *Whipping* have as good
A Grace, perform'd in Time and Mood,
With comely movement, and by *Art*,
Raife Passion in a *Lady's* heart?
It is an easier way to make
Love by, than that which many take.
Who wou'd not rather suffer *Whipping*,
Than swallow *Toasts* of bits of *Ribon*?
Make wicked *Verses*, *Treats*, and *Faces*,
And spell Names over with *Beer-glasses*?
Be under Vows to *hang* and *die*
Love's Sacrifice, and all a *lie*?

With

With *China-Oranges*, and *Tarts*,
And whining *Plays*, lay baits for Hearts?
Bribe *Chamber-Maids* with *Love* and *Money*,
To break no Roguish *jest*s upon ye?
For Lillies limn'd on *Cheeks*, and *Roses*,
With painted *Perfumes*, hazard *Noses*?
Or vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,
Do Pennance in a *Paper Lanthorn*?
All this you may compound for now
By suffering what I offer you,
Which is no more than has been done:
By *Knights* for *Ladies* long ago:
Did not the Great *La Mancha* do so
For the *Infanta Del Toboso*?
Did not th' *Illustrious Bassa* make
Himself a *Slave* for *Misse's* sake?
And with Bull's-pizzle, for her *love*,
Was taw'd as gentle as a *Glove*?
Was not young *Florio* sent (to cool
His flame for *Biancafiore*) to School,
Where *Pedant* made his *Pasbick* burn
For her sake suffer *Martyrdom*?

Did

Did not a certain *Lady* whip
Of late her Husband's own Lordship?
And though a Grandee of the *House*,
Claw'd him with *Fundamental* blows,
Ty'd him stark-naked to a Bed-post,
And fir'd his Hide as if sh' had rid post;
And after in the *Sessions Court*,
Where *Whipping's* judg'd, had honour for't?
This *swear* you will perform, and then
I'll set you from th' *Inchanted Den*,
And the *Magician* Circle clear.

Quoth he, I do *profess* and *swear*,
And will perform what you enjoyn,
Or may I never see you *mine*.

Amen, (quoth she,) Then turn'd about,
And bid her 'Squire let him out.
But e'er an *Artist* cou'd be found
T' undo the *Charms* another bound,
The *Sun* grew low, and left the Skies,
Put down (some write) by *Ladies Eyes*.
The *Moon* pull'd off her veil of Light,
That hides her Face by day from sight,
Mysterious

Loss of *Virility's* averr'd
To be the cause of loss of *Beard*,
That does (like *Embryo* in the womb)
Abortive on the *Chin* become.
This first a *Woman* did invent,
In envy of *Man's* Ornament.
Semiramis of *Babylon*,
Who first of all cut Men o' th' *Stone*,
To mar their *Beards*, and laid Foundation
Of *Sow-geldering* Operation.
Look on this *Beard*, and tell me whether
Eunuchs were such, or *Geldings* either.
Next it appears I am no *Horse*,
That I can argue, and discourse,
Have but two *legs*, and ne'er a *tail*,
Quoth she, That nothing will avail;
For some *Philosophers* of late here
Write, Men have four *Legs* by *Nature*,
And that 'tis *Custom* makes them go
Erron'ously upon but two;
As 'twas in *Germany* made good
B' a Boy that lost himself in a Wood;

And

The ARGUMENT of the SECOND CANTO.

*The Knight and Squire in hot Dispute,
Within an Ace of falling out,
Are parted with a sudden fright
Of strange Alarm, and stranger sight;
With which adventuring to stickle,
They're sent away in nasty pickle.*

CANTO. II.

TIS strange how some Men's Tempers
(suit
(Like Bawd and Brandee) with Dispute,
That for their own Opinions stand fast,
Only to have claw'd and canvaſt.
That keep their Conſciences in Caſes,
As Fiddlers do their Crowds and Baſes,
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent
To play a Fit for Argument.

Make

Make *true* and *false*, *unjust* and *just*,
Of no use but to be discusst.
Dispute and set a *Paradox*,
Like a straight Boot upon the Stocks,
And stretch it more unmercifully,
Than *Helmont*, *Mountaign*, *Whise*, or *Tully*.
So th' Ancient *Stoicks* in their Porch
With fierce dispute maintain'd their *Church*,
Beat out their Brains in fight and study,
To prove that *Virtue* is a *Body*;
That *Bonum* is an *Animal*,
Made good with stout *Polemick* braul:
In which, some hundreds on the place
Where slain outright, and many a Face
Retrench'd of *Nose*, and *Eyes*, and *Beard*,
To maintain what their *Sett* averr'd.
All which the *Knight* and *Squire* in wrath
Had like t' have suffer'd for their Faith;
Each striving to make good his own,
As by the *sequel* shall be shown.
The Sun had long since in the Lap
Of *Thetis* taken out his *Nap*,

And

And like a *Lobster* boil'd, the *Morn*
From *black* to *red* began to turn.

When *Hudibras*, whom thoughts and aking
'Twixt sleeping kept all night, and waking,
Began to rub his drousie Eyes,
And from his Couch prepar'd to rise;
Resolving to dispatch the Deed
He vow'd to do with trusty speed.
But first, with knocking loud and bauling,
He rous'd the *Squire*, in *Truckle* lolling,
And after many Circumstances,
Which vulgar *Authors* in *Romances*
Do use to spend their *time* and *wits* on,
To make impertinent Description,
They got (with much ado) to *Horse*,
And to the *Castle* bent their Course,
In which, he to the *Dame* before
To suffer *whipping* Duty swore:
Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,
To carry on the Work in earnest,
He stopt and paus'd upon the sudden,
And with a Serious forehead plodding,

BoA

Sprung

CANTO II. 49

Sprung a new Scruple in his head,
 Which first he scratch'd, and after said;
 Whether it be direct *infringing*
 An *Oath*, If I shou'd wave this *swinging*,
 And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,
 And so b' *Equivocation* swear;
 Or whether 't be a lesser *Sin*
 To be forsworn, than act the thing,
 Are deep and subtil *points*, which must,
 T' inform my Conscience, be discusst.
 In which to *err* a tittle may
 To *errors* infinite make way:
 And therefore I desire to know
 Thy *Judgment* e'er we farther go.
 Quoth *Ralpho*, Since you do injoin't
 I shall enlarge upon the *Point*.
 And for my own part do not doubt
 Th' *Affirmative* may be made out,
 But first to *state* the *Case* aright,
 For best advantage of our Light;
 And thus 'tis: Whether 't be a *Sin*
 To *claw* and *carry* your own *Skin*

D

Greater,

Greater, or less, than to forbear,
 And that you are forsworn, forswear.
 But first, o' th' first: The *Inward Man*,
 And *Outward*, like a *Clan* and *Clan*,
 Have always been at Daggers-drawing:
 And one another Clapper-clawing:
 Not that they really cuff, or fence,
 But in a *Spiritual Myssick* sence,
 Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble,
 In literal fray's abominable:
 'Tis Heathenish, in frequent use
 With *Pagans*, and *Apostate Jews*,
 To offer Sacrifice of *Bridewells*:
 Like Modern *Indians* to their *Idols*,
 And mungril *Christians* of our times,
 That exp'ate less with greater *Crimes*,
 And call the foul *Abomination*
Contrition, and *Mortification*.
 Is't not enough we' are bruise'd and kicked
 With sinful *Members* of the wicked,
 Our Vessels, that are sanctify'd,
 Trofan'd and curry'd, back and side;

But

But we must claw our selves with shameful
And Heathen stripes, by their example?
Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
Is *impious* because they did it.
This therefore may be justly reckon'd
A *Heinous Sin*. Now to the second,
That *Saints* may claim a *Dispensation*
To *swear* and *for swear*, on Occasion;
I doubt not, but it will appear
With pregnant light. The *point* is clear:
Oaths are but *Words*, and *Words* but *Wind*;
Too feeble implements to *bind*;
And hold with *deeds* proportion, (so
As *shadows* to a *substance* do.
Then when they strive for *place*, 'tis fit
The *Weaker Vessel* shou'd submit:
Although your *Church* be opposite
To ours, as *Black-Friars* are to *White*,
In *Rule* and *Order*; yet I grant
You are a *Reformado Saint*;
And what the *Saints* do claim as due,
You may pretend a *Title* to:

But *Saints*, whom *Oaths* or *Vows* oblige,
Know little of their *Privilege*;
Farther (I mean) than carrying on
Some self-advantage of their own:
For if the *Dev'l* to serve his turn
Can tell *Truth*, why the *Saints* shou'd scorn,
When it serves theirs, to *swear* and *lie*,
I think there's little reason why:
Else h' has a greater pow'r than they,
Which 'twere impiety to say;
W' are not commanded to forbear
Indefinitely at all to *swear*,
But to *swear* idly, and in vain,
Without self interest or gain,
For breaking of an *Oath*, and *Lying*,
Is but a kind of *Self-denying*,
A *Saint* like *vertue*, and from hence
Some have broke *Oaths* by *Providence*:
Some, to the *Glory of the Lord*,
Perjar'd themselves, and broke their word:
And this the constant *Rule* and *Practice*
Of all our late *Apostles Acts* is.

CANTO II.

53

Was not the *Cause* at first begun
With *Perjury*, and carry'd on?
Was there an *Oath* the *Godly* took,
But in due time and place they broke?
Did we not bring our *Oaths* in first,
Before our *Plate*, to have them burst,
And cast in fitter *models* for
The present use of *Church* and *W*?
Did not our *Worthies* of the *House*,
Before they broke the *Peace*, break *Vows*?
For having freed us, first, from both
Th' *Allegiance* and *Supremac^y*-*Oath*:
Did they not next compel the *Nation*,
To take and break the *Protestation*?
To *swear*, and after to *recant*
The *Solemn League and Covenant*?
To take th' *Engagement*, and disclaim it,
Enforc'd by those who first did frame it?
Did they not swear at first to *fight*
For the *KING'S Safety*, and His *Right*;
And after march'd to find him out,
And charg'd him home with *Horse* and *Foot*;

But yet still had the confidence,
 To swear, it was in His defence?
 Did they not swear to live and dye
 With Essex, and straight laid him by?
 If that were all, for some have swore
 As false as they, if th' did no more
 Did they not swear to maintain Law,
 In which that swearing made a Flaw
 For Protestant Religion Vow,
 That did that Vowing disallow?
 For Privilege of Parliament,
 In which that swearing made a Rent?
 And since of all the three not one
 Is left in being, 'tis well known
 Did they not swear, in exprefs words,
 To prop and back the House of Lords?
 And after turn'd out the whole House-full
 Of Peers, as dang'rous, and unuseful?
 So Cromwell, with deep Oaths and Vows,
 Swore all the Commons out of th' House,
 Vow'd that the Red-Coats would disband,
 Ay marry would they, at their Command

And

And troll'd them on, and *swore*, and *swore*,
Till th' *Army* turn'd 'em out of *Door*:

This tells us plainly what they thought,
That *Oaths* and *Swearing* go for nought,
And that by them th' were only meant
To serve for an *Expedient*:

What was the *Publick Faith* found out for,
But to slur Men of what they fought for?

The *Publick Faith* which ev'ry one

Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;

And if that go for nothing, why

Shou'd *Private Faith* have such a tie?

Oaths were not purpos'd more than *Law*,
To keep the *Good* and *Just* in awe,
But to confine the *Bad* and *Sinful*,
Like *Moral Cattle* in a *Pinfold*:

A *Saint's* of th' *Heavenly Realm* a *Peer*,

And as no *Peer* is bound to *swear*,

But on the *Gospel* of his *Honour*,

Of which he may dispose, as *Owner*;

It follows, though the thing be *forgery*;

And false, th' affirm, it is no *perjury*,

But a mere *Ceremony*, and breach
Of nothing but a form of Speech;
And goes for no more when 'tis took,
Than meer *saluting* of the Book.
Suppose the *Scriptures* are of force,
They 're but *Commissions* of Course,
And *Saints* have freedom to digress,
And vary from 'em as they please;
Or mis-interpret them by *private*
Instructions to all *Aims* they drive at:
Then why should we our selves *abridge*,
And *curtail* our own *Privilege*?
Quakers (that, like to *Lanterns*, bear
Their light within 'em) will not *swear*,
Their *Gospel* is an *Accidence*,
By which they construe *Conscience*,
And hold no *sin* so deeply *red*,
As that of breaking *Priscian's Head*,
(The *Head* and *Founder* of their *Order*,
That stirring *Hats* held worse than murder.)
These thinking th' are oblig'd to *Troth*
In *swearing*, will not take an *Oath*;

Like

Like Mules, who if th' have not their will
To keep their own pace, stand stock still;
But they are weak, and little know
What Free-born Consciences may do.
'Tis the temptation of the Devil,
That makes all humane actions evil:
For Saints may do the same things by
The Spirit, in Sincerity,
Which other Men are tempted to,
And at the Devil's instance do;
And yet the Actions be contrary,
Just as the Saints and Wicked vary.
For as on Land there is no Beast,
But in some Fish at Sea's express,
So in the Wicked there's no Vice,
Of which the Saints have not a spice;
And yet that thing that's pious in
The one, in th' other is a Sin.
Is't not ridiculous, and Nonsense,
A Saint shoud be a slave to Conscience?
That ought to be above such Fancies,
As far as above Ordinances.

She's

She's of the *Wicked*, as I guess,
 B' her *looks*, her *language*, and her *dress*,
 And though like *Constables*, we search
 For *False Wares* one another's *Church*:
 Yet all of us hold this for true,
No faith is to the Wicked due;
 For *Truth* is *Precious* and *Divine*,
 Too rich a *Pearl* for *carnal Swine*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, All this is true,
 Yet 'tis not fit that all Men knew
 These *Mysteries* and *Revelations*;
 And therefore *Topical Evasions*
 Of *subtil Turns*, and *Shifts* of *Sense*,
 Serve best with th' *Wicked* for pretence,
 Such as the learned *Jesuits* use,
 And *Presbyterians*, for excuse
 Against the *Protestants*, when th' happen
 To find their *Churches* taken napping:
 As thus: A breach of *Oath* is *Duple*,
 And either way admits a *scruple*,
 And many be *ex parte* of th' *Maker*
 More criminal than th' *injur'd Taker*.

For he that strains too far, a *Vow*,
Will break like an o'er-bent *Bow*:
And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it,
Not he that for Convenience took it:
A broken Oath is, *quat' nus Oath*,
As found t' all purposes of *Troth*,
As broken *Laws* are ne'er the worse,
Nay, till th' are broken have no force,
What's *Justice* to a Man, or *Laws*,
That never comes within their Claws?
They have no pow'r, but to admonish,
Cannot control, coerce or punish,
Until they're broken, and then touch
Those only that do make them such.
Beside, n' *Engagement* is allow'd
By Men in *Prison* made for Good;
For when they're set at *liberty*,
They're from th' *Engagement* too set free:
The *Rabbins* write, when any *Jew*
Did make to God or Man a *Vow*,
Which afterward he found untoward,
And stubborn to be kept, or too hard;
Any

Any three other *Jews* of th' *Nation*,
Might free him from the *Obligation*:
And have not two *Saints* pow'r to use,
A greater *Privilege* than three *Jews*?
The *Court* of *Conscience*, which in *Man*
Shou'd be *supreme* and *sovereign*,
It's fit should be *subordinate*
To ev'ry petty *Court* i' th' *State*,
And have less *Power* than the *lesser*,
To deal with *Perjury* at pleasure?
Have its *Proceedings* disallow'd, or
Allow'd, at fancy of *Py powder*?
Tell all it does or does not know,
For swearing *ex officio*?
Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
And *Pigs* unring'd at *Vis. Franc. Pledge*.
Discover *Thieves*, and *Bawds*, *Recusants*,
Priests, *Witches*, *Eve-droppers*, and *Nusance*;
Tell who did play at *Games* unlawful,
And who fill'd *Pots* of *Ale* but half-full.
And have no pow'r at all, nor shift,
To help it self at a dead list?

Why

Why should not *Conscience* have *Vacation*
As well as other Courts o' th' Nation;
Have equal power to adjourn,
• Appoint *Appearance* and *Return*:
And make as nice distinction serve
To split a Case, as those that carve
Invoking Cuckolds names, hit joints,
Why shou'd not tricks as slight do points?
Is not th' *High-Court of Justice* sworn
To judge that Law that serve their turn?
Make their own Jealousies High-Treason,
And fix 'em whomsoe'er they please on?
Cannot the *Learned Council* there
Make Laws in any shape appear?
Mold 'em as *Witches* do their Clay,
When they make *Pictures* to destroy?
And vex 'em into any form
That fits their purpose to doe harm?
Rack 'em untill they do confess,
Impeach of Treason whom they please,
And most perfidiously condemn
Those that engag'd their *Lives* for them?

And

And yet do nothing in their own sense,
 But what they ought by *Oath* and *Conscience*.
 Can they not juggle, and with slight
 Conveyance play with *wrong* and *right*;
 And sell their blasts of *wind* as dear
 As *Lapland* *Witches* bottled *Air*?
 Will not *Fear*, *Favour*, *Bribe*, and *Grudge*,
 The same *Cause* several ways adjudge;
 As *Seamen* with the self-same *Gale*
 Will several different courses fail;
 As when the *Sea* breaks o'er its bounds,
 And overflows the level grounds,
 Those *Banks* and *Damms*, that like a *Screen*
 Did keep it out, now keep it in;
 So when *Tyrannick* *Usurpation*
 Invades the *Freedom* of a *Nation*,
 The *Laws* o' th' *Land* that were intended
 To keep it out, and made it defend it,
 Does not in *Chancery* ev'ry *Man* find
 What makes best for him in his answer?
 Is not the winding up *Witnesses*
 A nicking more than half the business?

For

For *Witnesses*, like *Watches*, go
 Just as they're set, too fast or slow.
 And where in *Conscience* th' are strait lac'd,
 'Tis ten to one that side is cast.
 Do not your *Furies* give their *Verdict*
 As if they felt the *Cause*, not heard it?
 And as they please *Make matter of Fact*
 Run all on one side, as th' are pack't?
 Nature has made Man's breast no *Windows*
 To publish what he does within doors;
 Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
 Unless his own rash folly blab it.
 If *Oaths* can do a Man no good,
 In his own bus'ness why they shou'd
 In other matters do him hurt,
 I think there's little reason for't:
 He that imposes an *Oath* makes it,
 Not he that for convenience takes it;
 Then how can any man be said,
 To break an *Oath* he never made;
 These *Reasons* may perhaps look oddly
 To th' *Wicked*, though th' evince the *Godly*;

But

But if they will not serve to clear
 My *Honour*, I am ne'er the near.
Honour is like that glassy Bubble
 That finds *Philosophers* such trouble,
 Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly
 And *Wits* are crack'd, to find out why.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Honour's but a Word
 To swear by only in a *Lord*:
 In other men 'tis but a Huff,
 To vapour with instead of proof,
 That like a *Wen*, looks big and swells,
 Is senseless, and just nothing else.

Let it (quoth) he be what it will
 It has the *World's* opinion still.
 But as Men are not *Wise* that run
 The slightest *bazard* they may shun:
 There may a *Medium* be found out
 To clear to all the *World* the doubt,
 And that is, if a Man may dot,
 By *Proxy* whipt, or Substitute.

Though nice and dark the point appear,
 (Quoth *Ralph*) it may hold up and clear.

That

That *Sinners* may supply the place
 Of suffering *Saints*, is a plain *Case*.
Justice gives *Sentence* many times
 On one *Man* for another's *Crimes*.
 Our *Bretheren* of *New-England* use
 Choice *Malefactors* to excuse,
 And hang the *Guiltless* in their stead,
 Of whom the *Churches* have less need :
 As lately happen'd in a *Town*
 There liv'd a *Cobler*, and but one,
 That out of *Doctrine* could cut *Use*,
 And mend Mens *Lives* as well as *Shoes*.
 This precious *Brother* having slain
 In times of *Peace* an *Indian*,
 (Not out of *Malice*, but meer *Zeal*,
 Because he was an *Infidel*)
 The mighty *Tottipotymoy*
 Sent to our *Elders* an *Envoy*,
 Complaining forely of the *Breach*
 Of *League*, held forth by *Brother Patch*,
 Against the *Articles* in force
 Between both *Churches*, his and ours,

For which he crav'd the *Saints* to render
 Into his hands, or hang th' *Offender*;
 But they maturely having weigh'd
 They had no more but him o' th' *Trade*,
 (A Man that serv'd them in a double
 Capacity, to *Teach* and *Cobble*.)
 Resolv'd to spare him; yet to do
 The *Indian Hoghgan Moghean* too
 Impartial Justice, in his stead did
 Hang an old *Wearer* that was Bed-rid.
 Then wherefore may not you be skipp'd,
 And in your room another whipp'd:
 For all *Philosophers*, but the *Sceptick*,
 Hold *Whipping* may be *Sympathetick*.

It is enough, quoth *Hedibras*,
 Thou hast resolv'd, and clear'd the *Case*,
 And canst in *Conscience* not refuse
 From thy own *Doctrine* to raise *Use*:
 I know thou wilt not (for my sake)
 Be tender-Conscienc'd of thy back:
 Then strip thee of thy *Carnal Jerkin*,
 And give thy outward fellow a *stinking*,

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For when thy *Pessel* is new hoop'd,
All Leaks of *sinning* will be stop'd.

Quoth *Ralph*, You mistake the matter,
For in all *Scruples* of this Nature,
No Man includes himself, nor turns
The *Point* upon his own Concerns.
As no Man of his own self catches
The *Itch*, or amorous *French* aches :
So no Man does himself convince
By his own *Doctrine* of his *Sins* :
And tho' all cry down *self*, none means
His own self in a *lit'ral* Sense :
Beside, it is not only *Foppish*,
But *Vile*, *Idolatrous*, and *Pöpish*,
For one Man out of his own Skin,
To firk and whip another's *Sin* :
As *Pedants* out of *School-boys* breeches
Do claw and curry their own Itches.
But in this Case it is prophane,
And sinful too, because in vain ;
For we must take our *Oaths* upon it
You did the *deed*, when I have done it.

Quoth *Hudibras*, That's answer'd soon;
Give us the *Whip*, we'll lay it on.

Quoth *Ralpho*, That we may swear true,
'Twere properer that I whipp'd you:
For when with your consent 'tis done,
The *Act* is really your own.

Quoth *Hudibras*, It is in vain
(I see) to argue 'gainst the grain;
Or, like the Stars, incline Men to
What they're averse themselves to do:
For when *Disputes* are wear'd out,
'Tis *Int'rest* still resolves the doubt:
But since no reason can confute ye,
I'll try to force you to your *Duty*;
For so it is, how e'er you mince it,
As e'er we part I shall evince it;
And *curry* (if you stand out) whether
You will or no your *stubborn Leather*.
Canst thou refuse to bear thy part,
I th' publick *Work*, base as thou art?
To higgle thus for a few blows,
To gain thy *Knight* an op'lent *Spouse*;

Whose

Whose *wealth* his *bowels* yearn to purchase,
 Meerly for th' Int'rest of the *Churches* ;
 And when he has it in his claws,
 Will not be hide-bound to the *Cause*,
 Nor shalt thou find him a *Curmudgin*,
 If thou dispatch it without grudging :
 If not, resolve before we go,
 That you and I must pull a *Crow*.

Y' had best (quoth *Ralpho*) as the *Ancients*
 Say wisely, *Have a care of th' main chance*,
And look before you e'er you leap ;
For as you sow you're like to reap ;
 And werey' as good as *George a Green*,
 I shall make bold to turn agen ;
 Nor am I doubtful of the *Issue*
 In a just *Quarrel* ; and mine is so.
 Is't fitting for a Man of *Honour*
 To whip the *Saints* like *Bishop Bonner* ?
 A *Knight* t' usurp the *Beadle's Office*,
 For which y' are like to raise brave *Trophies* :
 But I advise you (not for fear,
 But for your own sake) to forbear,

And for the *Church's*, which may chance
 From hence to spring a variance ;
 And raise among themselves new *Scruples*,
 Whom common *Danger* hardly couples.
 Remember how in *Arms* and *Politicks*,
 We still have worsted all your holy *Tricks*;
Trepann'd your Party with *Intrigue*,
 And took your *Grandeecs* down a peg;
New-modell'd th' *Army*, and *Cashier'd*
 All that to *Legion S M E C* adher'd ;
 Made a mere *Utenfil* of your *Church*,
 And after left it in the lurch,
 A Scaffold to build up our own,
 And when w^e had done with 't pull'd it down,
 O'er-reach'd your *Rabbins* of the *Synod*,
 And snap'd their *Canons* with a *Why-not*.
 (Grave *Synod-men*, that were rever'd
 For solid Face and depth of *Beard*)
 Their *Classick Model* prov'd a Maggot,
 Their *Directry* an *Indian Pagod*
 And drown'd their *Disc'pline* like a Kitten,
 On which th' had been so long a sitting ;

Decry'd

Decry'd it as a *Holy Cheat*,
 Grown out of Date, and Obsolete,
 And all the *Saints* of the first Grasse,
 As Castling *Foals* of *Bal'am's Ass*,

At this the *Knight* grew high in Chase,
 And staring fur'ously on *Ralph*,
 He trembled, and look'd pale with Ire,
 Like Ashes first, then Red as Fire.
 Have I (quoth he) been ta'n in fight,
 And for so many *Moons* lain by't;
 And when all other means did fail,
 Have been exchang'd for *Tubs* of *Ale*?
 Not but they thought me worth a *Ransome*,
 Much more confid'able and handsome,
 But for their own sakes, and for fear,
 They were not safe when I was there;
 Now to be baffled by a *Scoundrel*,
 An upstart *Sed'ry* and a *Mungrel*;
 Such as breed out of peccant humours
 Of our own *Church*, like Wens, and Tumours;
 And like a *Maggot* in a *Sore*,
 Wou'd that which gave it life devour,

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It never shall be done, nor said :
 With that he seiz'd upon his *Blade* ;
 And *Ralpho* too, as quick and bold,
 Upon his *Basket bilt* laid hold,
 With equal readiness prepar'd
 To draw, and stand upon his Guard :
 When both were parted on the sudden
 With hideous *clamour*, and a loud one,
 As if all forts of *Noise* had bin
 Contracted into one loud *Din* ;
 Or that some Member to be chosen,
 Had got the *odds* above a *Thousand* ;
 And by the greatness of his noise
 Prov'd fittest for his *Countries* choice :
 This strange surprizal put the *Knight*
 And wrathful *Squire* into a fright ;
 And tho' they stood prepar'd, with fatal,
 Impetuous rancour to join *Battel* ;
 Both thought it was their wisest course
 To wave the Fight, and mount to *Horse* ;
 And to secure by swift retreating
 Themselves from danger of worse *beating*.

Yet

Yet neither of them would disparage,
 By utt'ring of his Mind, his Courage,
 Which made 'em stoutly keep their ground,
 With horror and disdain wind-bound.
 And now the cause of all their fear
 By slow degrees approach'd so near,
 They might distinguish different noise
 Of *Horns*, and *Pans*, and *Dogs*, and *Boys* :
 And *Kettle-Drums*, whose sullen *Dub*
 Sound like the hooping of a *Tub* :
 But when the sight appear'd in view,
 They found it was an antick Show,
 A *Triumph*, that for *Pomp* and *State*
 Did proudest *Romans* emulate ;
 • For as the *Aldermen* of *Rome*
 For Foes at Training overcome,
 And not enlarging *Territory*,
 (As some mistaken write in *Story*.)
 Being mounted in their best Array,
 Upon a *Carre*, and who but they ?
 And follow'd with a World of Tall-*Lads*,
 That merry *Ditties* troll'd, and *Ballads*,
 Did

74 CANTO II

Did ride with many a good morrow,
 Crying, *hey for our Town*, thro' the *Burrough*;
 So when this *Triumph* drew so nigh,
 They might particulars descry,
 They never saw two things so Pat
 In all respects, as this, and that.
 First, He that led the *Cavalcade*,
 Wore a Sow-gelder's *Flagellat*,
 On which he blew as strong a *Levet*,
 As well-fee'd *Lawyer* on his *Breviate*,
 When over one another's Heads
 They charge (three Ranks at once) like *Sweeds*.
 Next *Pans*, and *Kettles* of all Keys,
 From *Trebles* down to *double Base*.
 And after them upon a *Nag*,
 That might pass for a forehand Stag,
 A *Cornet* rode, and on his Staff
 A Smock display'd did proudly wave:
 Then *Bagpipes* of the loudest Drones,
 With snuffling broken-winded tones,
 Whose blasts of Air in Pockets shut,
 Sound filthier than from the Gut,

And

CANTO II. 75

And made a viler noise than *Swine*
 In windy weather when they whine.
 Next, one upon a pair of *Panniers*,
 Full fraught with that which for good manners
 Shall here be nameless, mixt with *Grains*,
 Which he dispens'd among the *Swains*,
 And busily upon the Crowd
 At random round about bestow'd.
 Then mounted on a horned *Horse*
 One bore a *Gauntlet* and *Gilt-spurs*,
 Ty'd to the *Pommel* of a long *Sword*
 He held revert, the point turn'd downward.
 Next after on a raw-bon'd Steed
 The Conq'ror's *Standard-bearer* rid,
 And bore aloft before the *Champion*
 A *Petticoat* display'd, and *Rampant*;
 Near whom the *Amazon* triumphant
 Bestrid her *Beast*, and on the *Rump* on't
 Sat *Face to Tail*, and *Bum to Bum*,
 The *Warriour* whilome overcome;
 Arm'd with a *Spindle* and a *Distaff*,
 Which as he rode she made him twist off;

And

And when he loiter'd, o'er her Shoulder
 Chastiz'd the *Reformado* Soldier,
 Before the *Dame*, and round about,
 March'd *Whiffers*, and *Staffiers* on foot,
 With *Lackies*, *Grooms*, *Valets*, and *Pages*,
 In fit and proper Equipages ?
 Of whom, some *Torches* bore, some *Links*,
 Before the proud *Virago-Minx*,
 That was both *Madam*, and a *Don*,
 Like *Nero's Sporus*, or *Pope Joan* ;
 And at fit Periods the whole Rout
 Set up their Throats with clam'rous shout.
 The *Knight* transported, and the *Squire*
 Put up their Weapons, and their Ire ;
 And *Hudibras*, who us'd to ponder
 On such Sights with judicious wonder,
 Could hold no longer to impart
 His *An'madversions* for his Heart.

Quoth he, In all my Life till now
 I ne'er saw so prophane a *Show*.

It is a *Paganish* invention,
 Which *Heathen* Writers often mention :

And

CANTO II. 77

And he who made it had read *Goodwin*
Or *Ross*, or *Calius Rhodigine* :
With all the *Grecians*, *Speeds*, and *Stows*,
That best describe those Ancient Shows ;
And has observ'd all fit *Decorums*
We find describ'd by old *Historians* :
For as a *Roman Conquerour*,
That put an end to foreign *War*,
Ent'ring the *Town* in Triumph for it,
Bore a Slave with him in his Char'ot :
So this insulting *Female Brave*
Carries behind her here a *Slave*,
And, as the *Ancients* long ago,
When they in Field defid the Foe,
Hung out their *Mantles Della Guer* ;
So her proud *Standard-bearer* here
Waves on his Spear, in dreadful manner,
A *Tyrian-Petticoat* for Banner :
Next Links, and Torches, heretofore
Still born before the *Emperour* :
And as in *Antick Triumphs*, Eggs
Were born for mystical intrigues ;
There's

There's one with Trunchcon, like a Ladle,
 That carries Eggs too, fresh or addle;
 And still at random, as he goes,
 Among the Rabble-rout bestows.

Quoth *Ralpho*, You mistake the matter;
 For all th' *Antiquity* you smatter,
 Is but a *Riding* us'd of course,
 When the *Grey Mare's* the better Horse;
 When o'er the Breeches greedy *Women*
 Fight, to extend their vast *Dominion*,
 And in the cause *Impatient Grizel*
 Has drubb'd her Husband with *Bull's Pizzle*,
 And brought him under *Covert-Baron*,
 To turn her *Vassal* with a *Murrain*;
 When *Wives* their Sexes shift, like *Hares*,
 And ride their *Husbands*, like *Night-Mares*
 And they, in mortal *Battel* vanquish'd,
 Are of their *Charter* dis-enfranchis'd,
 And by the right of *War*, like *Gills*,
 Condemn'd to *Distaff*, *Horns*, and *Wheels*;
 For when Men by their *Wives* are Cow'd,
 Their *Horns* of course are understood.

Quoth

Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou still giv'st Sentence
 Impertinently, and against sense :
 'Tis not the least disparagement,
 To be defeated by th' event;
 Nor to be beaten by main force,
 That does not make a *Man* the worse,
 Altho' his Shoulders with *Battoon*
 Be claw'd and cudgel'd to some tune;
 A *Taylor's* Prentice has no hard
 Measure, that's bang'd with a true Yard;
 But to turn *Tail*, or run away;
 And without blows give up the Day;
 Or to surrender e'er th' *Affault*,
 That's no *Man's* Fortune but his fault,
 And renders Men of *Honour* less
 Than all th' *Advers'ty* of Success;
 And only unto such this Shew
 Of *Horns* and *Petticoats* is due.
 There is a lesser *Profanation*,
 Like that the *Romans* call'd *Ovation*;
 For as *Ovation* was allow'd
 For *Conquest*, purchas'd without blood,

So Men decree those lesser Shows,
 For *Villry* gotten without blows,
 By dint of sharp hard words, which some
 Give *Battel* with, and overcome;
 These mounted in a *Chair Curule*,
 Which *Moderns* call a *Cucking-stool*,
 March proudly to the River's side,
 And o'er the *Waves* in *Triumph* ride;
 Like Dukes of *Venice*, who are said
 The *Adriatick Sea* to wed,
 And have a gentler *Wife*, than those
 For whom the *State* decrees those Shows.
 But both are *Heathenish*, and come
 From th' Whores of *Babylon*, and *Rome*,
 And by the *Saints* should be withstood,
 As *Antichristian* and *Lewd*,
 And we as such should now contribute
 Our utmost *strugling* to prohibite.

This said, they both advanc'd and rode
 A *Dog-trot* through the bawling Crowd,
 T' attack the *Leader*, and still prest,
 Till they approach him *breast to breast*:
 Then

Then *Hudibras* with Face and Hand
 Made signs for *Silence*; which obtain'd.
 What means (quoth he) this Dev'l's *Procession*
 With Men of *Orthodox* profession?
 'Tis *Ethnick* and *Idolatrous*,
 From *Heathenism* deriv'd to us.
 Does not the Whore of *Bablon* ride
 Upon her *Horned Beast* astride,
 Like this proud *Dame*, who either is
 A Type of her, or she of this?
 Are things of *Superstitious function*
 Fit to be us'd in *Gospel Sunshine*?
 It is an *Antichristian Opera*,
 Much us'd in midnight times of *Popery*;
 A running after self-inventions
 Of wicked and profane *Intentions*;
 To scandalize that *Sex*, for scolding,
 To whom the *Saints* are so beholden.
 Women, who were our first *Apostles*,
 Without whose aid w' had all been lost else;
 Women, that left no stone unturn'd,
 In which the *Cause* might be concern'd,

82 C A N T O II.

Brought in their Childrens *Spoons* and *Whistles*,
 To purchase *Swords*, *Carbines*, and *Pistols* ;
 Their Husbands, *Cullies*, and *Sweet-hearts*,
 To take the *Saints* and *Church's* parts ;
 Drew sev'ral gifted *Brethren* in,
 That for the *Bishops* would have been,
 And fix'd 'em constant to the *Party*,
 With motives *powerful* and *heartly* :
 Their Husbands robb'd, and made hard shifts
 T' administer unto their *Gifts*
 All they could rap and rend, and pilfer,
 To scraps and ends of Gold and Silver ;
 Rubb'd down the *Teacher*, tir'd and spent
 With holding forth for *Parlament* ;
 Pamper'd and edifi'd their *Zeal*
 With *Marrow-puddings* many a Meal ;
 Enabled them, with store of meat,
 On controverted *Points* to eat ;
 And cramm'd 'em till their *Guts* did ake,
 With *Cawdle*, *Custard*, and *Plumb-cake*.
 What have they done, or what left undone,
 That might advance the *Cause* at *London* ?

March'd

C A N T O II. 83

March'd rank and file, with *Drum* and *Ensign*,
 T' entrench the *City* for defence in ?
 Rais'd *Rampiers* with their own soft hands,
 To put the *Enemy* to stands ;
 From *Ladies* down to *Oyster-Wenches*
 Labour'd like *Pioneers* in *Trenches*,
 Fell to their *Pick-Axes* and *Tools*,
 And help'd the Men to dig like *Moles* ?
 Have not the *Handmaids* of the *City*
 Chose of their Members a *Committee*,
 For raising of a *Common-Purse*
 Out of their Wages to raise *Horse* ?
 And do they not as *Triers* sit
 To judge what *Officers* are fit ?
 Have they--- ? At that an *Egg* let fly,
 Hit him directly o'er the *Eye*,
 And running down his *Cheek*, besmear'd
 With *Orange-tawny-slime* his *Beard* ;
 But *Beard* and *Slime* being of one *Hue*,
 The wound the less appear'd in view.
 Then he that on the *Panniers* rode
 Let fly on th' other side a load ;

And quickly charg'd again, gave fully
 In *Ralpho's* Face another *Volley*.
 The *Knight* was startled with the smell,
 And for his *Sword* began to feel:
 And *Ralpho*, smother'd with the stink,
 Grasp'd his; when one that bore a *Link*,
 O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming Cudgel,
 Like *Linstock*, to the Horse's touch-hole;
 And streight another with his *Flambeaux*,
 Gave *Ralpho* o'er the Eyes a damn'd blow.
 The *Beasts* began to kick and fling,
 And forc'd the Rout to make a Ring.
 Thro' which they quickly broke their way,
 And brought them off from farther fray;
 And though disorder'd in Retreat,
 Each of them stoutly kept his Seat:
 For quitting both their *swords* and *reins*,
 They grasp'd with all their strength the *manes*;
 And to avoid the *Foe's* pursuit,
 With spurring put the Cattel to't;
 And till all four were out of wind,
 And danger too ne'er look'd behind.

After

C A N T O II. 85

After th' had paus'd a while, supplying
Their *Spirits*, spent with fight and flying,
And *Hudibras* recruited force
Of Lungs for *Action*, or *Discourse*.

Quoth he, That Man is sure to lose,
That souls his *Hands* with dirty Foes :
For where no *Honour's* to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in b'ing maintain'd.
'Twas ill for us, we had to do
With so dishon'able a Foe :
For though the *Law of Arms* doth bar
The use of venom'd shot in *War*,
Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisome,
Their *Case-shot* favours strong of *poison* ;
And doubtless have been chew'd with teeth
Of some that had a *stinking breath* :
Else when we put it to the push,
They had not giv'n us such a brush.
But as those *Pultroons* that fling dirt,
Do but defile, but cannot hurt ;
So all the *Honour* they have won,
Or we have lost, is much at one.

'Twas well we made so resolute
 A brave Retreat, without pursuit;
 For if we had not, we had sped
 Much worse, to be in Triumph led;
 Than which the *Ancients* held no state
 Of Man's life more unfortunate.
 But if this bold *Adventure* e'er
 Do chance to reach the *Widow's* ear
 It may, b'ing destin'd to assert
 Her *Sex's Honour*, reach her Heart.
 And as such homely Treats (they say)
 Portend good *fortune*, so this may.
Vespasian being dawb'd with dirt,
 Was destin'd to the Empire for't;
 And from a Scavenger did come
 To be a mighty Prince in *Rome*:
 And why may not this foul Address
 Presage in Love the same success?
 Then let us straight to cleanse our wounds,
 Advance in quest of nearest *Ponds*;
 And after (as we first *design'd*)
 Swear I've perform'd what she enjoy'd.

The ARGUMENT of the
THIRD CANTO.

*The Knight, with various doubts possess,
To win the Lady goes in Quest
Of Sidrophel, the Rosy-crucian,
To know the Destinies resolution;
With whom being met, they both chop Logick
About the Science Astrologick,
Till falling from Dispute to Fight,
The Conjur'er's worsted by the Knight.*

C A N T O III.

Doubtless the Pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat;
As Lookers-on feel most delight,
That least perceive a Juggler's flight;
And still the less they understand,
The more th' admire the slight of hand.

Some with a noise, and greasie light,
 Are snapt as Men catch *Larks* by night;
 Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the *Soul*,
 As nooses by the *legs* catch *Fowl*.
 Some with a *Med'cine*, and *Receipt*,
 Are drawn to nibble at the *Bait*;
 And though it be a two foot *Trout*,
 'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.
 Others believe no *Voice* t' an *Organ*;
 So sweet as *Lawyer's* in his *Bar gown*;
 Until with subtil *Cobweb* cheats,
 Th'are catch'd in knotted *Law*, like *Nets*:
 In which, when once they are imbrangled,
 The more they stir, the more they're tangled;
 And while their *Purses* can dispute,
 There's no end of th' immortal *Suit*.

Others still gape t' anticipate
 The Cabinet-designs of *Fate*,
 Apply to *Vizards* to fore-see
 What shall, and what shall never be.
 And, as those *Vultures* do fore-boad,
 Believe events prove *bad*, or *good*.

A flamm more senseless than the Rog'ry
 Of old *Aruspicy* and *Aug'ry*,
 That out of *Garbages* of *Cattel*,
 Presag'd th' events of *Truce*, or *Battel*
 From flight of *Birds*, or *Chickens* pecking,
 Success of great'st *Attempts* would reckon;
 Though *Cbeats*, yet more intelligible,
 Than those that with the *Stars* do fribble.
 This *Hudibras* by proof found true,
 As in due time and place we'll shew:
 For he with *Beard* and *Face* made clean,
 B'ing mounted on his *Steed* agen,
 (And *Ralpho* got a cock-horse too
 Upon his *Beast* with much ado,)
 Advanc'd on for the *Widow's* House,
 T' acquit himself, and pay his *Vows*;
 When various *thoughts* began to bustle,
 And with his inward Man to juggle.
 He thought what *danger* might accrue:
 If she should find he *swore* untrue:
 Or, if his *Squire* or he should fail,
 And not be punct'al in their *Tale*;

It might at once the ruin prove
 Both of his *Honour, Faith, and Love*.
 But if he should forbear to go,
 She might conclude h' had broke his *Vow*:
 And that he durst not now for shame
 Appear in *Court* to try his *Claim*.
 This was the Pen'worth of his *thought*,
 To pass *Time* and uneasy *Trot*.

Quoth he, in all my past *Adventures*,
 I ne'er was set so on the *Tenters*.
 Or taken tardy with *Dilemma*,
 That ev'ry way I turn does hem me;
 And with inextricable doubt,
 Besets my puzzled *Wits* about:
 For though the *Dame* has been my bail
 To free me from enchanted *Gaol*,
 Yet as a *Dog*, committed close
 For some offence, by chance breaks loose,
 And quits his *Clog*; but all in vain,
 He still draws after him his *Chain*;
 So though my *Ankle* she has quitted,
 My *Heart* continues still committed,

And

C A N T O III. 91

And like a *Bail'd* and *Main-priz'd* Lover,
Although at large I am bound over.
And when I shall appear in Court
To plead my Cause, and answer for't,
Unless the Judge do partial prove,
What will become of Me and Love?
For if in our Account we vary,
Or but in *Circumstance* miscarry;
Or if she put me to strict proof,
And make me pull my *Doublet* off.
To shew by evident Record
Writ on my skin, I've kept my word,
How can I e'er expect to have her,
Having demurr'd unto her favour;
But *Faith*, and *Love*, and *Honour* lost,
Shall be reduc'd to a *Knight o' th' Post*;
Beside, that *Stripping* may prevent
What I'm to prove by *Argument*;
And justify I have a *Tail*,
And that way too, my *proof* may fail.
Oh! that I could enucleate,
And solve the *Problems* of my *Fate*;

Or

Or find by *Necromantick Art*,
 How far the *Dest'nies* take my part;
 For if I were not more than certain
 To win, and wear her, and her *Fortune*,
 I'd go no farther in this *Courtship*,
 To hazard *Soul*, *Estate*, and *VVorship*,
 For though an *Oath* obliges not,
 Where any thing is to be got,
 As (thou hast prov'd,) yet 'tis *profane*,
 And *sinful*, when Men swear in *vain*.

Quoth *Ralph*, Not far from hence doth dwell
 A cunning Man, hight *Sidrophel*,
 That deals in *Destinies* dark *Counsels*,
 And sage *Opinions* of the *Moon* sells;
 To whom all *People* far and near,
 On deep importances repair;
 When *Brass* and *Pewter* hap to stray,
 And *Linen* slinks out of the way:
 When *Geese* and *Pullen*, are seduc'd,
 And *Sows* of Sucking *Pigs* are chous'd;
 When *Cattel* feel *Indisposition*,
 And need th' opinion of *Physician*;

When

When *Murrain* reigns in *Hogs* or *Sheep*,
 And *Chickens* languish of the *Pip*;
 When *Teast* and outward means do *fail*,
 And have no pow'r to work on *Ale*;
 When *Butter* does refuse to come,
 And *Love* proves *cross* and *humoursome*;
 To him with *Questions*, and with *Urine*,
 They for discov'ry flock, or *Curing*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, This *Sidrophel*
 I've heard of, and should like it well,
 If thou canst prove the *Saints* have freedom
 To go to *Sorc'ers* when they need 'em.

Says *Ralpho*, There's no doubt of that;
 Those *Principles* I quoted late,
 Prove that the *Godly* may allege
 For any thing their *Privilege*;
 And to the *Dev'l* himself may go,
 If they have *motives* thereunto.
 For as there is a *VVar* between
 The *Dev'l* and *them*, it is no *Sin*,
 If they by subtil *Stratagem*
 Make use of *him*, as he does *them*.

Has not this present *Parlament*
 A *Ledger* to the *Devil* sent,
 Fully empow'r'd to treat about
 Finding revolted *Witches* out?
 And has not he within a year
 Hang'd threescore of 'em in one *Shire*?
 Some only for not being *drown'd*,
 And some for sitting above ground
 Whole *days* and *nights* upon their breeches
 And feeling pain, were hang'd for *Witches*.
 And some for putting *Knavish* tricks
 Upon *Green-Geese*, and *Turkey-Chicks*,
 Or *Pigs*, that suddenly decess
 Of griefs unnat'ral, as he gues;
 Who after prov'd himself a *Witch*,
 And made a Rod for his own *breech*.
 Did not the *Devil* appear to *Martin*
Luther in *Germany*, for certain?
 And would have gull'd him with a *Trick*,
 But *Mart.* was too too *Politick*?
 Did he not help the *Dutch* to purge
 At *Antwerp* their *Cathedral Church*?

Sing

Sing Catches to the *Saints* at *Mascon*,
 And tell them all they came to ask him?
 Appear in divers shapes to *Kelly*?
 And speak i'th' *Nun* at *London's Belly*?
 Meet with the *Parliament's Committee*
 At *Woodstock* on a *Pers'nal Treaty*
 At *Sarum* take a *Cavalier*
 I'th' *Cause's* service *Prisoner*,
 As *Withers* in immortal *Rhime*
 Has register'd to after-time:
 Do not our great *Reformers* use
 This *Sidrophel* to fore-board *News*:
 To write of *Victories* next year,
 And *Castles* taken yet in th' *Air*?
 Of *Battels* fought at *Sea*, and *Ships*
 Sunk two years hence, the last *Eclipse*?
 A *Total* overthrow giv'n the *King*
 In *Cornwal*, *Horse* and *Foot*, next *Spring*;
 And has not he point-blank forerold
 Whats'er the close *Committee* would:
 Made *Mars* and *Saturn* for the *Cause*,
 The *Moon* for fundamental *Laws*?

96 C A N T O III.

The *Ram*, and *Bull*, and *Goat* declare
Against the *Book of Common-Pray'r*?
The *Scorpion* take the *Protestation*,
And *Bear* engage for *Reformation*;
Made all the *Royal Stars* recant,
Compound, and take the *Covenant*?

Quoth *Hudibras*, The case is clear,
The *Saints* m^t employ a *Conjurer*;
As thou hast prov'd it by their *practice*,
No *Argument* like matter of fact is,
And we are best of all led to
Mens *Principles* by what they do;
Then let us straight advance in quest
Of this profound *Gymnosophist*,
And as the *Fates* and *he* advise,
Pursue, or wave this *Enterprize*.
This said, he turn'd about his Steed,
And estcoons on th' adventure rid,
Where leave we *Him* and *Ralph* a while,
And to th' *Conjurer* turn our style,
To let our *Reader* understand
What's useful of him, before-hand.

He

CANTO III. 897

He had been long t'wards *Mathematicks*,
Opticks Philosophy, and *Staticks*,
Magick, *Horoscopia*, *Astrologie*,
 And was old *Dog* at *Physiologie*;
 But, as a *Dog* that turns the Spit,
 Bestirs himself, and plies his Feet
 To climb the *Wheel*, but all in vain,
 His own Weight brings him down again:
 And still he's in the self-same place
 Where at his setting out he was.
 So in the *Circle* of the *Arts*
 Did he advance his Nat'ral Parts;
 Till falling back still for retreat,
 He fell to *Juggle*, *Cant*, and *Cheat*:
 For as those *Fowls* that live in *Water*
 Are never wet, he did but smatter;
 What e'er he labour'd to appear
 His understanding still was clear.
 Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
 Since old *Hodg Bacon*, and *Bob Grosd*.
 The *Intelligible World* he knew,
 And all Men dream on't, to be true:

G

That

That in this *World* there's not a *Wart*
That has not there a *Counterpart* ;
Nor can there on the *face* of ground
An *Individual Beard* be found,
That has not in that *Foreign Nation*
A fellow of the self-same fashion ;
So *cut*, so *colour'd* and so *curl'd*,
As those are in the *Inferiour World*.
H' had read *Dee's* Prefaces before,
The *Dev'l* and *Euclide* o'er and o'er ;
And all th' *Intregues* 'twixt him and *Kelly*,
Lescus and the *Emperour* would not tell ye ;
But with the *Moon* was more familiar
Than e'er was *Almanack well-willer*.
Her secrets understand so clear,
That some believ'd he had been there ;
Knew when she was in fittest mood,
For cutting *corns*, or letting *Blood* ;
When for anointing *Scabs* or *Itches*,
Or to the *Bum* applying *Leeches* ;
When *Sows* and *Bitches* may be spav'd
And in what Sign best *Cider's* made ;

Whethe

CANTO III. 99

Whether the *Wane* be, or *Increase*,
Best to set *Garlick*, or sow *Pease*.
Who first found out the *Man i' the Moon*,
That to the *Ancients* was unknown;
How many *Dukes*, and *Earls*, and *Peers*,
Are in the *Planetary Spheres*,
Their *Airy Empire*, and Command
Their sev'ral strengths by Sea and Land;
What factions th' have, and what they drive at
In publick Vogue, and what in private;
With what Designs and Interests
Each *Party* manages Contests.
He made an *Instrument* to know
If the *Moon* shine at full or no,
That would, as soon as e'er shone she straght
Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate;
Tell what her *D' ametre* t' an inch is,
And prove she is not made of *Green-Cheese*,
It would demonstrate, that the *Man in*
The Moon's a *Sea Mediterranean*.
And that it is no *Dog* nor *Bitch*.
That stands behind him at his breech;

100 CANTO III.

But a huge *Caspian Sea*, or *Lake*
 With *Arms* which Men for *Legs* mistake,
 How large a *Gulph* his Tail composes,
 And what a goodly *Bay* his Nose is;
 How many *German Leagues* by th' scale
Cape-Snout's from *Promontory-Tail*.
 He made a *Planetary Gin*
 Which *Rats* would run their own heads in,
 And come on purpose to be taken,
 Without th' expence of *Cheese* or *Bacon*;
 With *Lute-strings* he would counterfeit
 Maggots that crawl on Dish of *Meat*,
 Quote *Moles* and *Spots* on any place
 Of th' body by the *Index face*:
 Detect lost *Maiden-heads*, by sneezing,
 Or breaking wind of *Dames*, or pissing.
 Cure *Warts* and *Corns*, with application
 Of *Med'cines* to th' *Imagination*,
 Fright *Agues* into *Dogs*, and scare
 With *Rhimes* the *Tooth-ach*, and *Catarrh*.
 Chase evil *Spirits* away by diet
 Of *Cickle-Horshoe*, *Hollow-flint*,

Sp

CANTO III. 1031

Spit Fire out of a *Walnut-shell*,
 Which made the *Roman* Slaves rebel.
 And fire a Mine in *China* here
 With Sympathetick *Gun powder*.
 He knew what's ever's to be known,
 But much more than he knew would own.
 What *Medicine* 'twas that *Parascelsus*
 Could make a Man with, as he tells us;
 What figur'd *Slates* are best to make
 On watry Surface *Duck* or *Drake*.
 What *Bowling-stones* in running Race
 Upon a *Boord* have swiftest pace.
 Whether a *Pulse* beat in the black
 List of a dapled *Louse's* Back:
 If *Systole* or *Diastole* move
 Quickest when he's in *Wrath* or *Love*:
 When two of them do run a Race,
 Whether they *Gallop*, *Trot*, or *Pace*.
 How many Scores a *Flea* will jump,
 Of his own Length from Head to Rump;
 Which *Socrates* and *Charephon*
 In vain assay'd so long agon;

Whether his *Snout* a perfect *Nose* is,
And not an Elephant's *Proboscis*;
How many different *Species*
Of Maggots bred in rotten Cheese;
And which are next of kin to those
Engendred in a *Chandler's* nose
Or those not seen but understood,
That live in *Vinegar* and *Wood*:
A paltry Wretch he had half-starv'd,
That him in place of *Zany* serv'd,
Hight *Whackum*, bred to dash and draw,
Not *Wine*, but more unwholsome *Law*:
To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,
Wide as *Meridians* in Maps.
To squander Paper, and spare Ink,
Or cheat men of their Word some think;
From this by merited degrees,
He'd to more high Advancement rise:
To be an under-*Conjurer*,
Or Journey-man *Astrologer*;
His bus'ness was to pump and wheedle,
And Men with their own Keys unriddle.

To make them to themselves give answers,
For which they pay the *Necromancers*.
To fetch and carry *Intelligence*,
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
And all *Discoveries* disperse,
Among th' whole pack of *Conjurers*;
What *Cut-purses* have left with them,
For the right owners to redeem;
And what they dare not vent, find out,
To gain themselves and th' *Art* repute;
Draw *Figures*, *Schemes*, and *Horoscopes*,
Of *Newgate*, *Bridewell*, *Brokers* shops.
Of *Thieves ascendant* in the *Cart*,
And find out all by rules of *Art*.
Which way a *Serving-man* that's run
With *Cloaths* or *Money* away is gone;
Who pick'd a *Fob* at *Holding-forth*,
And where a *Watch* for half the worth
May be redeem'd, or *stolen Plate*
Restor'd at *Conscionable* rate.
Beside all this, he serv'd his *Master*
In quality of *Poeta*ffer :

And *Rhimes* appropriate could make,
 To ev'ry Month in th' *Almanack*,
 When *Terms* begin and end, could tell,
 With their *Returns* in *Doggerels*,
 When the *Exchequer* opes and shuts,
 And *Songelder* with safety cuts.
 When Men may eat, and drink their fill,
 And when be temp'rate if they will.
 When use and when abstain from vice,
 • *Figs, Grapes, Phlebotomy, and Spices.*
 And as in *Prisons* mean Rogues beat
Hemp for the Service of the Great,
 So *Wachum* beat his dirty brains
 T' advance his Master's Fame and Gains;
 And like the Devil's *Oracles*,
 Put into *Doggerel-Rhimes* his *Spells*,
 Which over ev'ry Month's blank-page
 In th' *Almanack* strange *Bills* preface.
 He would an *Elegy* compose
 On Maggots squeez'd out of his Nose;
 In *Lyrick* numbers write an *Ode* on
 His Mistress eating a Black-pudden:

And

And when imprison'd Air escap'd her,
It put him with *Poetick Rapture*;
His *Sonnets* charm'd th' attentive Crowd,
By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,
That, circled with his long-ear'd Guests,
Like *Orpheus* look'd, among the Beasts;
A *Carman's* Horse could not pass by,
But stood ty'd up to *Poetry*;
No Porter's *Burthen* pass'd along,
But serv'd for *Burthen* to his Song.
Each Window, like a *Pill'ry*, appears,
With Heads thrust through nail'd by the Ears;
All Trades run in as to the sight
Of Monsters, or their dear delight
The *Gallow-Tree*, when cutting Purse,
Breeds bus'ness for *Heroick Verse*,
Which none does hear, but would have hung
T' been the *Theme* of such a Song,
Those two together long had liv'd,
In *Mansion* prudently contriv'd;
Where neither Tree, nor House could bar
The free detection of a *Star*;
And

And night an *Ancient Obelisk*,
Was rais'd by him, found out by *Fisk*,
On which was written not in words
But *Hieroglyphick Mute of Birds*,
Many rare pithy Saws concerning
The worth of *Astrologick Learning*:
From top of this there hung a *Rope*,
To which he fastened *Telescope*;
The *Spectacles* with which the *Stars*
He reads in smallest *Characters*.
It hapned as a *Boy* one night,
Did flie his *Tarsel* of a *Kite*.
The strangest long-winged *Hawk* that flies,
That like a *Bird of Paradise*,
Or *Herald's Martlet* has no *legs*,
Nor hatches young ones, nor lay *Eggs*;
His *Train* was six yards long milk-white,
At th' end of which there hung a *Light*,
Enclos'd in *Lanthorn* made of *Paper*,
That far off like a *Star* did appear.
This *Sidrophel* by chance espy'd,
And with amazement staring wide,

Bless

Bless us, quoth he ! What dreadful wonder
Is that appears in *Heaven* yonder ?
A *Comet*, and without a *Beard*,
Or *Star* that ne'er before appear'd ?
I'm certain 'tis not in the *Scrowl*
Of all those *Beasts*, and *Fiw*, and *Fowl*,
With which, like *Indian Plantations*,
The learned stock the *Constellations* :
Nor those that drawn for *Signs* have been,
To th' *Houses* where the *Planets* Inn.
It must be supernatural,
Unless it be that *Cannon-Ball*,
That shot, in th' *Air* point-blank upright,
Was born to that prodigious height,
That learn'd *Philosophers* maintain,
It ne'er came backwards down again ;
But in the *Airy Region* yet
Hangs like the *Body of Mahomet* :

For

For if it be above the Shade,
That by the *Earth's* round bulk is made.
'Tis probable it may from far
Appear no Bullet, but a Star.

This said, he to his Engine flew,
Plac'd near at hand in open view,
And rais'd it till it levell'd right,
Against the *Glow-worm* Tail of *Kite*.
Then peeping through, (*Bless* us quoth he)
It is a *Planet* now I see ;
And if I err not by his proper
Figure, that's like *Tobacco-stopper*,
It should be *Saturn* ; yes, 'tis clear
'Tis *Saturn*, But what makes he there ?
He's got between the *Dragon's* Tail,
And farther leg behind of th' *Whale* ;
Pray *Heaven* divert the fatal Omen,
For 'tis a *Prodigy* not common,
And can no less than the *World's* end,
Or *Nature's* Funeral portend.

With

With that he fell again to pry,
 Through *Perspective* more wistfully,
 When by mischance the fatal string
 That kept the *Towring-Fowl* on wing
 Breaking, down fell the Star: Well shot,
 Quoth *Whacham*, who right wisely thought
 H' had levell'd at a Star, and hit it:
 But *Sidrophel* more subtil-witted,
 Cry'd out what horrible and fearful
 Portent is this, to see a Star fall;
 It threatens *Nature*, and the doom
 Will not belong before it come.
 When Stars do fall 'tis plain enough
 The *Day of Judgment*'s not far off:
 As lately 'twas reveal'd to *Sedgwick*,
 And some of us find out by *Magick*.
 Then since the time we have to live
 In this world's shortned, let us strive
 To make our best advantage of it,
 And pay our losses with our profit.
 This feat fell out not long before
 The *Knight*, upon the fore-nam'd score

In

In quest of *Sidrophel* advancing,
Was now in prospect of the *Mansion* :
Whom he discovering, turn'd his *Glass*,
And found far off 'twas *Hudibras*.

Whachum (quoth he) look yonder, some
To try or use our Art are come :

The one's the Learned *Knight* ; seek out,
And pump 'em what they come about.

Whachum advanc'd with all submissness,
T' accost 'em, but much more their bus'ness,

He held the Stirrup while the *Knight*
From *Leathern Bare-Bones* did alight,

And taking from his hand the Bridle,
Approach'd the dark *Squire* to unriddle :

He gave him first the time o' th' day,
And welcom'd him, as he might say :

He ask'd 'em whence they came, and whither
Their bus'ness lay ? Quoth *Ralpho*, hither ;

Did you not lose ? --- Quoth *Ralpho*, nay ;
Quoth *Whachum*, Sir, I meant your way.

Your *Knight* -- Quoth *Ralpho*, is a *Lover* :
And pains intol'able doth suffer,

For

CANTO III. III

For *Lovers* hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards.
What time, --- Quoth *Ralpho*, Sir, too long,
Three years it off and on has hung---
Quoth he, I meant what time of th' day 'tis,
Quoth *Ralpho*, between seven and eight tis.
Why then (quoth *Whacum*) my small *Art*
Tells me the *Dame* has a hard *Heart*,
Or great *Estate*—Quoth *Ralph*, a *Jointure*,
Which makes him have so hot a mind t'her;
Mean while the Knight was making water,
Before he fell upon the matter;
Which having done the *Wizard* steps in,
To give him suitable Reception;
But kept his bus'ness at a Bay,
Till *Whachum* put him in the way,
Who haying now by *Ralpho's* light,
Expounded th' Errand of the *Knight*,
And what he came to know, drew near,
To whisper in the *Conj'rer's* ear,
Which he prevented thus: What was't,
Quoth he, that I was saying last,
Before

Before these *Gentlemen* arriv'd ?

Quoth *Whachum*, *Venus* you retriev'd,

In opposition with *Mars*,

And no benign friendly Stars

T' allay th effect. Quoth *Wizard*, So!

In *Virgo*? Ha! quoth *Whachum*, No:

Has *Saturn* nothing to do in it?

One tenth of 's *Circle* to a minute.

'Tis well, quoth he—Sir, you'll excuse

This rudeness I am forc'd to use,

It is a *Scheme* and *face* of *Heaven*

As th' *Aspects* are dispos'd this *Even*,

I was contemplating upon

When you arriv'd, but now I've done.

Quoth *Hudibras*, If I appear

Unseasonable in coming here

At such a time, to interrupt

Your *Speculations* which I hop'd

Assistance from, and come to use,

'Tis fit that I ask your excuse.

By no means, Sir, quoth *Sidrophel*

The Stars your coming did foretel ;

CANTO III. 113

I did expect you here, and know
Before you speak your bus'ness too.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Make that appear,
And I shall credit whatsoe'er
You tell me after on your word,
Howe'er unlikely, or absurd.

You are in *Love*, Sir, with a *Widow*
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,
And for three years has rid your *Wit*
And *Passion* without drawing *Bit* :
And now your bus'ness is to know
If you shall carry her or no.
Quoth *Hudibras*, You're in the right,
But how the *Devil* you come by't
I can't imagine ; for the *Stars*
I'm sure can tell no more than *Horse*,
Nor can their *Aspects* (though you pore
Your *Eyes* out on 'em) tell you more
Than th' *Oracle* of *Sieve* and *Shears*,
That turns as certain as the *Spheres* ,
But if the *Devil's* of your Counsel:

Much may be done. my noble *Donzel*,

H

And

And 'tis on his Account I come
To know from you my fatal Doom:

Quoth *Sidrophel*, If you suppose,
Sir *Knight*, that I am one of those,
I might suspect, and take the *Allarm*,
Your bus'ness is but to inform;
But if it be; 'tis ne'er the near,
You have a *wrong Sow by the Ear*;
For I assure you, for my part,
I only deal by *Rules of Art*,
Such as are lawful, and judge by
Conclusions of *Astrology*;
But for the *Devil*, know nothing by him,
But only this, that I despise him.

Quoth he, whatever others deem ye
I understand your *Metonimie*;
Your words of second hand intention,
When things by wrongful names you mention
The Mystick sense of all your *Terms*,
That are indeed but *Magick Charms*,
To raise the Devil, and mean one thing,
And that is down-right *Conjuring* :

And

CANTO III. 115

And in its self more warrantable
 Than *Cheat*, or *Canting* to a *Rabbit*,
 Or putting *Tricks* upon the *Moon*,
 Which by confed'racy are done.
 Your Ancient *Conjurers* were wont
 To make her from her Sphere dismount,
 And to their *Incantations* stoop,
 They scorn'd to pore through *Telescope*,
 Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
 To find out cloudy or fear weather,
 Which ev'ry *Amanack* can tell,
 Perhaps as learnedly and well,
 As you your self——Then friend, I doubt
 You go the farthest way about.
 Your Modern *Indian Magician*
 Makes but a hole in th' Earth to piss in,
 And straight resolves all Questions by't,
 And seldom fails to be i'th' right.
 The *Rosy-crucian* ways's more sure
 To bring the Devil to the Lure;
 Each of'em has a feveral Gin,
 To catch *Intelligences* in.

Some by the *Nose* with fumes trappan 'em,
 As *Dunston* did the *Devil's Grandam*;
 Others with *Characters* and *Words*
 Catch 'em as Men in *Nets* do *Birds*,
 And some with *Symbols*, *Signs*, and *Tricks*,
 Engrav'd in *Planetary Nicks*,
 With their own infl'ences will fetch 'em
 Down from their *Orbs*, arrest, and catch 'em;
 Make 'em depose, and answer to
 All *Questions*, e'er they let them go.
Bumbastus kept a *Devil's Bird*
 Shut in the Pummel of his *Sword*,
 That taught him all the cunning *Pranks*,
 Of past and future *Mountebanks*.
Kelly did all his *Feats* upon
 The *Devil's Looking-Glass*, a *Stone*,
 Where playing with him at *Bo-peep*
 He solv'd all *Problems* ne'er so deep.
Agrippa kept a *Stygian Pug*
 I' th' garb and habit of a *Dog*,
 That was his *Tutor*, and the *Cur*
 Read to th' Occult *Philosopher*,

And

And taught him subt'ly to maintain
 All other Sciences are vain,
 To this, quoth *Sidrophel*, Oh! Sir,
Agrippa was no Conjuror,
 Nor *Paracelsus*, no nor *Behman*;
 Nor was the Dog a *Cacodemon*,
 But a true Dog that would shew tricks
 For th' *Emperor*, and leap o'er sticks;
 Would fetch and carry, was more civil
 Than other Dogs, but yet no Devil;
 And whatsoe'er he's said to do,
 He went the self-same way we go.
 As for the *Rosse cross Philas'phers*,
 Whom you will have to be but *Sorc'ers*,
 What they pretend to, is no more
 Than *Trismegistus* did before,
Pythagoras, old *Zoroaster*,
 And *Apollonius* their Master;
 To whom they do confess they owe
 All that they do, and all they know.
 Quoth *Hudibras*, Alas! what is't t'us:
 Whether 'twere said by *Trismegistus*,

If it be *nonsense, false, or mystick,*
 Or not *intelligible, or sophistick?*
 'Tis not *Antiquity, nor Author;*
 That makes *truth truth,* altho' *time's daughter;*
 'Twas he that put her in the *Pit,*
 Before he pull'd her out of it;
 And as he eats his *Sons,* just so
 He feeds upon his *Daughters* too:
 Nor does it follow, 'cause a *Herald*
 Can make a *Gentleman* scarce a year old,
 To be descended of a *Race*
 Of ancient *Kings* in a small space;
 That we should all Opinion hold
Authentick, that we can make old.

Quoth *Sidrophel,* It is no part
 Of prudence to cry down an *Art.*
 And what it may perform deny,
 Because you understand not why.
 (As *Averrhois* play'd but a mean trick,
 To damn our whole *Art for Excentrick,*)
 For who knows all that knowledge contains?
 Men dwell not the *Tops of Mountains,*

But

CANTO III. 1139

But on their side, or rising's feat;
 So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.
 Do not the *Hist'ries* of all *Ages*
 Relate miraculous presages
 Of strange turns in the *World's* affairs,
 Foreseen b' *Astrologers*, *Southsayers*,
Chaldeans, Learn'd *Genethliacks*,
 And some that have writ *Almanacks*?
 The *Medean* Emp'rour dreamt his Daughter
 Had pist all *Asia* under water,
 And that a *Vine*, sprung from her *branch*
 O'er spread his *Empire* with its branches;
 And did not *Soothsayers* expound it,
 As after by th' event he found it?
 When *Cesar* in the Senate fell
 Did not the Sun eclips'd foretel,
 And, in resentment of his slaughter,
 Look pale for almost a year after?
Augustus having b' oversight
 Put on his Left Shoe 'fore his Right,
 Had like to have been slain that day
 By *Soldiers* mutin'ing for pay.

Are there not myriads of this sort,
Which stories of all times report?
Is it not om'nous in all Countries;
When *Crows* and *Ravens* croak upon *Trees*?
The *Roman Senate*, when within
The *City-walls* an *Owl* was seen,
Did cause their *Clergy* with *Lustrations*,
(Our *Synod* calls *Humiliations*)
The round-fac'd *Prodigy* t' avert,
From doing *Town* or *Country* hurt.
And if an *Owl* have so much pow'r,
Why should not *Planets* have much more,
That in a *Region* far above
Inferiour *Fowls* of the *Air* move,
And should see farther, and fore-know
More than *Augury* below?
Though that once serv'd the *Polity*
Of mighty *States* to govern by;
And this is that we take in hand,
By pow'ful *Art* to understand;
Which how we have perform'd all *Ages*
Can speak th' *Events* of our presages,
Have

CANTO III. 121

Have we not lately in the *Moon*
Found a *New World* to th' *Old* unknown?
Discover'd *Sea* and *Land*, *Columbus*
And *Magellan* could never compass?
Made Mountains with our *Tubes* appear,
And Cattel grazing on 'em there?

Quoth *Hudibras*, You lie so ope,
That I, without a *Telescope*,
Can find your Tricks out, and descry
Where you tell truth, and where you lye,
For *Anaxagoras* long ago
Saw *Hills*, as well as you, i' th' *Moon*.
And held the *Sun* was but a piece
Of *Red-hot Iron*, as big as *Greece*;
Believ'd the Heavens were made of *Stone*.
Because the *Sun* had voided one;
And, rather than he would recant,
Th' *Opinion*, suffer'd Banishment.

But what, alas! is it to us,
Whether in the *Moon* Men thus or thus
Do eat their *Pottage*, cut their *Corns*,
Or whether they have *Tails* or *Horns*?
What

What *Trade* from thence can you advance,
But what we nearer have from *France*?
What can our *Travellers* bring home
That is not to be learnt at *Rome*?
What *Politicks*, or strange *Opinions*,
That are not in our own *Dominions*?
What *Science* can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here commence?
What *Revelations*, or *Religions*,
That are not in our Native *Regions*?
Are sweating *Lanthorns*, or *Screen-fans*,
Made better there than th' are in *France*?
Or do they reach to *sing* and *play*
On th' *Gittar* there a newer way?
Can they make *Plays* there, that shall fit
The *Publick humour*, with less *Wit*;
Write *wittier Dances*, quainter shows,
Or fight with more ingenious *Blows*?
Or does the *Man* iⁿ the *Moon* look big,
And wear a huger *Periwig*,
Shew in his Gate, or Face, more tricks
Than our own Native *Lunatics*?

But

But if w' out-do him here at home,
 What good of your design can come?
 As *wind* in th' *Hypocondries* pent,
 Is but a blast if downward sent;
 But if it upwards chance to flie,
 Becomes new *Light* and *Prophecy*:
 So when your *Speculations* tend
 Above their just and useful end,
 Although they promise strange and great
Discoveries of things far set,
 They are but idle *Dreams* and *Fancies*,
 And favour strongly of the *Ganzas*.
 Tell me but what's the nat'l cause,
 Why on a *Sign* no *Painter* draws
 The *Full Moon* ever, but the *Half*;
 Resolve that with your *Jacob's-staff*;
 Or why *Wolves* raise a Hubbub at her,
 And *Dogs* howl when she shines in water,
 And I shall freely give my *Vote*,
 You may know something more remote.
 At this deep *Sidrophel* look'd wise,
 And staring round with *Owl-like Eyes*,

He

He put his face into a posture
Of *Sapience*, and began to bluster,
For having three times shook his Head
To stir his wit up, thus he said.

Art has no mortal Enemies
Next *Ignorance*, but *Owls* and *Geese*;
Those consecrated *Geese* in Orders,
That to the *Capitol* were *Warders*,
And being then upon *Parrol*,
With Noise alone beat off the *Gaul*.
Or those *Athenian Sceptrick Owls*,
That will not credit their own *Souls*;
Or any *Science* understand,
Beyond the reach of Eye or Hand:
But meas'ring all things by their own
Knowledge, hold Nothing's to be known,
Those whole-sale *Criticks*, that in *Coffe-*
Houses cry down all *Philosophy*,
And will not know upon what ground
In *Nature* we our *doctrine* found,
Although with pregnant evidence
We can demonstrate it to sense,

As

As I just now have done to you,
Foretelling what you came to know,
Were the *Stars* only made to light
Robbers and Burglars by night
To wait on *Drunkards*, *Thieves*, *Gold-finders*,
And *Lovers* solacing behind *Dores*,
Or giving one another Pledges
Of *Matrimony* under Hedges?
Or *Witches* *simpling*, and on *Gibbets*
Cutting from *Malefactors* snippets;
Or from the *Pillory* tips of Ears
Of Rebel-Saints and Perjurers?
Only to stand by and look on,
But not know what is said or done?
Is there a *Constellation* there,
That was not born and bred up here?
And therefore cannot be to learn,
In any inferiour Concern.
Were they not during all their lives,
Most of 'em Pirates, Whores, and Thieves?
And is it like they have not still
In their old *Practices* some skill?

Is there a *Planet* that by *Birth*
 Does not derive its *House* from *Earth*?
 And therefore probably must know
 What is, and hath been done below,
 Who made the *Balance*, or whence came
 The *Bull*, the *Lion*, and the *Ram*?
 Did not we here the *Argo* rig,
 Make *Berenice's Petrivigg*?
 Whose *Liv'ry* does the *Coachman* wear?
 Or who made *Cassiopeia's Chair*?
 And therefore as they came from hence,
 With us may hold *Intelligence*.
Plato deny'd, The *World* can be
 Govern'd without *Geometrie*,
 (For *Money* b'ing the common *Scale*
 Of things by measure, weight, and tale;
 In all th' *Affairs* of *Church* and *State*,
 'Tis both the *Balance* and the *Weight*;
 Then much Less can it be without
 Divine *Astrology* made out,
 That puts the other down in worth,
 As far as *Heaven's* above the *Earth*.

These

These reasons (quoth the *Knights*) I grant
 Are something more significant
 Than any that the *Learned* use
 Upon this *Subject* to produce;
 And yet th' are far from satisfactory,
 T' establish, and keep up your *Factory*.
 The *Egyptians* say, The *Sun* has twice
 Shifted his *Setting*, and his *Rise*;
 Twice has he risen in the *West*,
 As many times set in the *East*;
 But whether that be true, or no,
 The *Devil* any of you know.
 Some hold the *Heavens*, like a *Top*,
 Are kept by *Circulation* up;
 And, were't not for their wheeling round,
 They'd instantly fall to the ground;
 As sage *Empedocles* of old,
 And, from him *Modern* Authors hold,
Plato believ'd the *Sun* and *Moon*
 Below all other *Planets* run.
 Some *Mercury*, some *Venus* seat
 Above the *Sun* himself in height,
 The

The learned *Scaliger* complain'd
 'Gainst what *Copernicus* maintain'd,
 That in Twelve hundred years and odd,
 The *Sun* had left his ancient Road,
 And nearer to the Earth is come
 'Bove Fifty thousand miles from home:
 Swore 'twas a most notorious Flam,
 And he that had so little Shame
 To vent such *Fopperies* abroad,
 Deserv'd to have his *Rump* well claw'd:
 Which Monsieur *Bodin* hearing, swore
 That he deserv'd the *Rod* much more,
 That durst upon a *truth* give doom,
 He knew less than the *Pope* of *Rome*,
Cardan believ'd great States depend
 Upon the tip of th' *Bear's* Tail's end;
 That as she whisk'd it t'wards the *Sun*,
 Strow'd *Mighty Empires* up and down;
 Which others say must needs be false
 Because your true *Bears* have no Tails.
 Some say the *Zodiack-Constellations*
 Have long since chang'd their antique Stations
 Above

Above a *Sign*, and prove the same
In *Taurus* now, once in *Ram* ;
Affirm the *Trigons* chop'd and chang'd ;
The *Watry* with the *Fiery* rang'd,
Then how can their *effects* still hold
To be the same they were of old ?
This, though the *Art* were true, would make
Our Modern *Soothsayers* mistake ;
And is one cause they tell more lyes ;
In *Figures*, and *Nativities*,
Than th' old *Chaldean* Conjurers,
In so many hundred thousand years ;
Beside their Nonsense in translating,
For want of *Accidence* and *Latine* ;
Like *Idus* and *Calende*, Englisht
The *Quarter-days* by skilful Linguist ;
And yet with *Canting*, *Slight*, and *Cheat*,
'Twill serve their turn to do the feat :
Make Fools believe in their foreseeing
Of things before they are in Being ;
To swallow *Gudgeons* e'er th' are catch'd,
And count their *Chickens* e'er th' are hatch'd
I Make

Make them the *Constellations* prompt,
And give 'em back their own account ;
But still the best to him that gives
The best price for't, or best believes.
Some *Towns* and *Cities*, some for brevity,
Have cast the 'versal World's *Nativity* ;
And made the Infant-Stars confess.
Like Fools or Children, what they please :
Some calculate the hidden Fates
Of *Monkeys*, *Puppy-Dogs*, and *Cats* ;
Some *Running Nags*, and *Fighting Cocks*,
Some *Love*, *Trade*, *Law Suits*, and the *Pox* ;
Some take a measure of the Lives
Of Fathers, Mothers, Husbands, Wives ;
Make *Opposition*, *Trine*, and *Quartile*,
Tell who is barren, and who fertile ;
As if the *Planet's* first aspect
The tender Infant did infect
In *Soul* and *Body*, and instil
All future good, and future ill :
Which in their dark fatal'ties lurking,
At destin'd Periods fall a working ;

And

CANTO III. 130

And break out like the hidden seeds
 Of long diseases into deeds,
 In Friendships, Enmities, and strife,
 And all th' emergencies of Life :
 No sooner does he peep into
 The *World*, but he has done his doe,
 Catch'd all Diseases, took all *Physick*
 That cures or kills a man that is sick ;
 Marry'd his punctual dose of Wives,
 Is Cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.
 There's but the twinkling of a *Star*
 Between a Man of *Peace* and *War*,
 A *Thief* and *Justice*, *Fool* and *Knave*,
 A huffing *Officer* and a *Slave*.
 A crafty *Lawyer* and *Pick-pocket*,
 A great *Philosopher* and a *Block-head*,
 A formal *Preacher* and a *Player*,
 A Learn'd *Physician* and *Manslayer*.
 As if Men from the Stars did suck
 Old-age, Diseases, and ill-luck,
 Wit, Folly, Honour, Virtue, Vice,
 Trade, Travel, Women, Claps, and Dice ;
 I 2 And

And draw with the first Air they breath
Battel and *Murther*, *sudden Death*,
Are not these fine Commodities,
To be imported from the Skies,
And vended here among the Rabble,
For staple Goods, and warrantable ;
Like Money by the *Druids* borrow'd,
In th' other *World* to be restor'd ?

Quoth *Sidrophel*, To let you know
You wrong the *Art*, and *Artists* too,
Since Arguments are lost on those
That do our *Principles* oppose ;
I will (although I've don't before)
Demonstrate to your sense once more,
And draw a *Figure* that shall tell you
What you perhaps forget, besel you,
By way of *Horary* inspection,
Which some account our worst erection
With that he *Circles* draws, and *Squares*,
With *Cyphers*, *Astral Characters* ;
Then looks 'em o'er to understand 'em,
Although set down *Hab-nab*, at random.
Quoth

CANTO III. 133

Quoth he, This *Scheme* of th' Heavens fet,
Discovers how in fight you met
At *Kingston* with a *May-pole Idol*, (well ;
And that y' were bang'd both back and side
And though you overcame the *Bear*,
The *Dogs* beat You at *Brentford Fair* ;
Where sturdy *Butchers* broke your Noddle,
And handled you like a *Fop-doodle*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I now perceive
You are no *Conj'rer*, by your leave ;
That *Paltry story* is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat such *Galls* as you.

Not true, Quoth he? how e'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear ;
Whacum shall justifie't t' your face ;
And prove he was upon the place :
He play'd the *Salinbanchos*'s part,
Transform'd t' a *Frenchman* by my *Art* ;
He stoel your *Cloak*, and pick'd your *Pocket*,
Chews'd and Caldes'd ye like a *Block-head*,
And what you lost I can produce,
If you deny it, here i'th' House.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I do believe
That Argument's *Demonstrative* ;
Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us
A *Constable* to seize the Wretches ;
For tho' th' are both false *Knaves*, and *Cheats* ;
Impostors, *Juglers*, *Counterfeits*,
I'll make them serve for perpendic'lars,
As true as e'er were us'd by *Brick-layers* ;
They're guilty by their own Confessions,
Of *Felony*, and at the *Sessions*
Upon the Bench I will so handle 'em,
That the *Vibration* of this *Pendulum*,
Shall make all *Taylor's* yards of one
Unanimous Opinion :

A thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now shall make it out by proof.

Quoth *Sidrophel*, I do not doubt
To find Friends that will bear me out ;
Nor have I hazarded my *Art*,
And Neck, so long on the *State's* part.
To be expos'd in th' end to suffer,
By such a *Braggadocchio* Huffer.

Huffer,

Huffer, quoth *Hudibras*, This *Sword*
Shall down thy false throat cram that word,
Ralpho, make haste, and call an Officer
To apprehend this *Stygian* Sophister;
Mean while I'll hold 'em at a Bay,
Lest he and *Whacum* run away.

But *Sidrophel*, who from th' *Aspect*
Of *Hudibras* did now erect
A *Figure* worse portending far,
Than that of most malignant Star,
Believ'd it now the fittest moment
To shun the danger that might come on't,
While *Hudibras* was all alone,
And he and *Whacum*, Two to one;
This b'ing resolv'd, He spy'd by chance
Behind the Door an Iron Lance,
That many a sturdy Limb had gor'd,
And Legs, and Loins, and shoulders bor'd;
He snatch'd it up, and made a Pass,
To make his way through *Hudibras*;
Whacum had got a Fire-Fork,
With which he vow'd to do his Work;

But *Hudibras* was well prepar'd,
And stoutly stood upon his Guard;
He put by *Sidrophelo's* thrust,
And in right manfully he rusht;
The Weapon from his gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the Earth along.
Whachum his Sea-coal-Prong threw by,
And basely turn'd his back to flie;
But *Hudibras* gave him a twitch
As quick as lightning in the Breech,
Just in the place were *Honour's* lodg'd,
As wise *Philosophers* have judg'd;
Because a kick in that part more
Hurts *Honour* than deep wounds before.
Quoth *Hudibras*, the Stars determine
You are my Prisoners; base Vermine,
Could they not tell you so, as well
As what I came to know foretel?
By this what Cheats you are we find,
That in your own Concerns are blind;
Your lives are now at my dispose,
To be redeem'd by Fine, or Blows:

But

CANTO III. 137

But who his Honour would defile,
To take, or sell, two lives so Vile?
I'll give you *Quarter*, but your *Pillage*
The Conqu'ring Warrior's *Crop* and *Tillage*,
Which with his *Sword* he reaps and plows;
That mine the *Law of Arms* allows.

This said in haste, in haste he fell
To rummaging up *Sidrophel*,
First, He expounded both his Pockets,
And found a *Watch*, with *Rings*, and *Lockets*,
Which had been left with him t' erect
A *Figure* for, and so detect;
A *Copper-Plate*, with *Almanacks*
Engrav'd upon't, with other knacks,
Of *Booker's*, *Lillie's*, *Sarah Jimmers*,
And *Blank Schemes*, to discover *Nimmers*;
A *Moon Dial*, with *Napier's Bones*,
And several *Constellation-stones*,
Engrav'd in *Planetary hours*,
That over *Mortals* had strange powers,
To make 'em thrive in *Law* or *Trade*;
And stab or poyson to evade;

In

In *Wit* or *Wisdom* to improve,
And be victorious in *Love*.

Whacum had neither *Cross* nor *Pile*,
His *Plunder* was not worth the while;
All which the *Conq'r* did discompt,
To pay for curing of his *Rump*.

But *Sidrophel*, as full of tricks
As *Rota-men* of *Politicks*,
Streight cast about to over-reach
Th' unwary *Conq'r* with a fetch,
And make him glad (at least) to quit
His *Victory*, and fly the *Pit*,
Before the *Secular Prince of Darknes*
Arriv'd to feize upon his *Carcass*:
And, as a *Fox* with hot pursuit
Chac'd through a *Warren*, cast about
To save his credit, and among
Dead *Vermin* on a *Gallows* hung:
And while the *Dogs* ran underneath,
Escap'd (by counterfeiting *Death*)
Not out of *Cunning*, but a *Train*
Of *Atoms* jostling in his *Brain*,

As learn'd *Philosophers* give out :
So *Sidrophelo* cast about,
And fell to's wonted *Trade* again,
To feign himself in earnest slain :
First stretch'd out one leg, then another,
And seeming in his Breast to smother,
A broken Sigh ; Quoth he, where am I,
Alive, or Dead ; Or which way came I
Through so immense a space so soon ?
But now I thought my self in th' *Moon* ;
And that a *Monster*, with huge *Wiskers*,
More formidable than a *Switzer's*,
My body through and through had drill'd,
And *Whacum* by my side had kill'd,
Had cross-examin'd both our *Hose*,
And plunder'd all we had to lose ;
Look, there he is, I see him now
And feel the Place I am run through :
And there lies *Whacum* by my side,
Stone-dead, and in his own blood dy'd.

Oh !

Oh ! Oh ! With that he fetch'd a *Groan*,
And fell again into a *Swoon*,
Shut both his Eyes, and stopp'd his *Breath*,
And to the *Life* out-acted *Death*,
That *Hudibras*, to all appearing,
Believ'd him to be dead as *Herring*;
He held it now no longer safe,
To tarry the return of *Ralph*,
But rather leave him in the *Lurch* ;
Thought he, he has abus'd our *Church*,
Refus'd to give himself one *firk*,
To carry on the *Publick Work* ;
Despis'd our *Synod-men* like *Dirt*,
And made their *Discipline* his *Sport* ;
Divulg'd the secrets of their *Classes*,
And their *Conventions*, prov'd *High Places* ;
Disparag'd their *Tyth-Pigs*, as *Pagan*,
And set at nought their *Cheese* and *Bacon* ;
Rail'd at their *Covenant* and jeer'd
Their rev'rend *Parsons* to my *Beard* ;

For all which *Scandals* to be quit
At once, this *Juncture* falls out fit.
I'll make him henceforth to beware,
And tempt my fury, if he dare :
He must (at least) hold up his hand,
By twelve *Free-holders* to be scann'd,
Who by their skill in *Palmistry*
Will quickly read his *Destiny* ;
And make him glad to read his *Lesson*,
Or take a turn for't at the *Session* :
Unless his *Light* and *Gifts* prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I'm sure ;
For if he scape with whipping now,
'Tis more than he can hope to do,
And that will disengage my *Conscience*
Of th' *Obligation* in his own sense :
I'll make him now by force abide
What he by gentle means deny'd,
To give my *Honour* satisfaction,
And right the *Brethren* in the *Action*.

This b'ing resolv'd, with equal speed
An *Conduct* he approach'd his *Steed*,
And with *Activity* unwont
Assay'd the lofty *Beast* to mount ;
Which once achiev'd, he spurr'd his *Palfry*
To get from th' *Enemy*, and *Ralph*, free :
Left Danger, Fears, and Foes behind,
And beat, at least three lengths, the Wind.

A N

A N
Heroical EPISTLE
 O F
 HUDIBRAS
 T O
 SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Crispinus——

WELL, *Sidrophel*! tho' 'tis in vain
 To tamper with your crazy Brain,
 Without Trepanning of your Scull
 As often as the *Moon's* at *Full*;
 'Tis not amiss, e'er y' are given o'er,
 To try one desp'rate Med'cine more;
 For where your Case can be no worse,
 The desp'rat'ft is the wisest course.
 Is't possible that you, whose Ears,
 Are of the Tribe of *Iffacher's*,

And

And might (with equal Reason) either
For Merit, or extent of Leather,
With *William Pryn's*, before they were
Retrench'd, and crucify'd, Compare,
Should yet be deaf against a noise,
So roaring as the Publick voice ?
That speaks your Virtues freed and loud,
And openly in ev'ry crowd,
As loud as one that sings his part
T' a Wheel-barrow, or Turnip Cart, —
Or your New Nicknam'd old invention
To cry Green-Hastings with an Engine ;
(As if the vehemence had stunn'd,
And torn your Drum-heads with the Sound)
And 'cause your Folly's now no news
But over-grown and out of use,
Perswade your self there's no such matter,
But that 'tis vanish'd out of Nature,
When Folly, as it grows in years
The more extravagant appears :
For who but you could be possess'd
With so much Ignorance, and Beast,
That

of Hudibras to Sidrophel 145

That neither all men's Scorn, and Hate,
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
Nor bray'd so often in a Mortar,
Can teach you wholsom Sence and Nurture;
But (like a Reprobate) what course
Soever's us'd, grow worse and worse ?
Can no Transfusion of the Blood,
That makes Fools Cattel, do you good ?
Nor putting Pig's t' a Bitch to Nurse
To turn 'em in to Mungrel-Curs,
Put you into a way, at least,
To make your self a better Beast ?
Can all your critical Intrigues
Of trying sound from rotten Eggs,
Your several new-found Remedies
Of curing Wounds, and Scabs in Trees ?
Your Arts of *Fluxing* them for *Claps*,
And purging their infected *Saps*,
Recov'ring Shankers, Chrysellines,
And Nodes and Botches in their Rinds,
Have no effect to operate
Upon that duller Block, your Pare;

K

But

But still it must be lewdly bent
To tempt your own due Punishment;
And, like your whimsi'd Chariots, draw
The Boys to course you without Law;
As if the Art you have so long
Profest, of making old *Dogs* young,
In you, had Virtue to renew
Not only Youth, but Childhood too.
Can you that understand all Books,
By judging only with your Looks,
Resolve all Problems with your Face
As others do with *B's* and *A's*,
Unriddle all that Mankind knows
With solid bending of your Brows,
All Arts and Sciences advance,
With screwing of your Countenance,
And with a penetrating Eye,
Into th' abstrusest Learning pry,
Know more of any Trade b' a Hint,
Than those that have been bred up in't,
And yet have no Art, true or false,
To help your own bad Naturals?

But

But still the more you strive t^e appear,
 Are found to be the wretcheder,
 For Fools are known by looking wise,
 As men find Woodcocks by their Eyes.
 Hence 'tis that 'cause y^e have gain'd o^uth' College;
 A Quarter-share (at most) of Knowledge,
 And brought in none, but spent Reputation,
 Y^e assume a Pow'r as absolute
 To judge and censure, and controul,
 As if you were the sole Sir Poll,
 And saucily pretend to know
 More than your Dividend comes to,
 You'll find the thing will not be done
 With Ignorance, and Face alone:
 No though y^e have purchas'd to your Name
 In History so great a Fame,
 That now your Talent's so well known,
 For having all Belief out-grown,
 That ev'ry strange Prodigious Tale
 Is measur'd by your German Scale,
 By which the *Virtuosi* try
 The Magnitude of ev'ry Lye;

148 *An Heroical Epistle,*

Cast up to what it does amount,
And place the big'st to your account.
That all those stories that are laid
Too truly to you, and those made,
Are now still charg'd upon your score,
And lesser Authors nam'd no more.
Alas! that Faculty destroys
Those soonest it designs to raise;
And all your vain Renown will spoil,
As Guns o'er-charg'd the more recoil;
Though he that has but Impudence,
To all things has a fair Pretence,
And put among his wants but Shame,
To all the World may lay his claim:
Though you have try'd that nothing's born
With greater ease than Publick Scorn;
That all affronts do still give Place
To your impenetrable Face;
That makes your way through all affairs,
As Pigs through Hedges creep with theirs.
Yet as 'tis Counterfeit, and Brass,
You must not think 'twill always pass;

For

of Hudibras to Sidrophel 149

For all Impostors, when they're known,
Are past their labour, and undone.
And all the best that can befall
An Artificial Natural,
Is that which Mad men find, as soon
As once th' are broke loose from the Moon,
And proof against her Influence,
Relapse to e'er so little Sense
To turn stark Fools, and Subjects fit
For sport of Boys, and Rabble-wit.

Annotations TO THE SECOND PART.

But now let's observe, &c.

THE beginning of this Second Part may perhaps seem strange and abrupt to those who do not know, that it was written on purpose in imitation of *Virgil*, who begins the IV. Book of his *Aeneids* in the very same manner, *At Regina gravi, &c.* And this is enough to satisfy the Curiosity of those who believe that Invention and Fancy ought to be measur'd (like Cases in Law) by Precedents, or else they are in the Power of the Critick.

A Saxon Duke did grow so fat.

This History of the Duke of *Saxony*, is not altogether so strange as that of a Bishop his Country man who was quite eaten up with Rats, and Mice.

King

*King Pyrrhus cur'd his Splenetick,
And testy Courtiers with a kick.*

Pyrrhus King of *Epirus*, as *Pliny* says, had this occult Quality in his Toe, *Pollicis in dextro Pede tactu Lienosis medebatur.* L. 7. C. 11.

In close Catasta shut, &c.

Catasta is but a pair of Stocks in English. But Heroical Poetry must not admit of any vulgar word (especially of paltry signification) and therefore some of our Modern Authors are fain to import foreign words from abroad, that were never before heard of in our Language.

'Twas he that made St. Francis do, &c.

The ancient Writers of the Lives of Saints, were of the same sort of People, who first writ of Knight-Errantry, and as in the one they rendred the brave Actions of some very great Persons ridiculous, by their prodigious Lies, and sottish way of describing them: so they have abus'd the Piety of some very devout Persons, by imposing such stories upon them, as this upon *St. Francis*.

This made the beauteous Queen of Crete.

The History of *Pasiphae* is common enough, only this may be observ'd, That though she brought the Bull a Son and Heir; yet the Husband was fain to father it, as appears by

the Name, perhaps because the Country being an Island, he was within the four Seas when the Infant was begotten.

As your own Secretary Albertus.

Albertus Magnus was a Swedish Bishop, who wrote a very Learned Work, *De Secretis Mulierum*.

Unless it be to squint and laugh.

Pliny in his *Natural History* affirms that *Unanimalium homini oculi depravantur, unde Cognomina Strabonum & Pætorum*. Lib. 2.

As Friar Bacon's Noddle was.

The Tradition of Friar Bacon and the Brazen-Head is very commonly known, and considering the times he liv'd in, is not much more strange than what another great Philosopher of his Name, has since deliver'd up of a Ring, that being ty'd in a string, and held like a Pendulum in the middle of a Silver Bowl, will vibrate of it self, and tell exactly against the sides of the divining Cup, the same thing with, *Time is, Time was, &c.*

Or like some Indian Sculls, so tough,
That Authors say th' are Musquet proof.

American Indians, among whom (the same Authors affirm) that there are others, whose Sculls are so soft, to use their own words,
Ut Digito perforari possunt.

Or Oracle from Heart of Oak.

Jupiter's Oracle in Epirus, near the City of Dodona, *Ubi Nemus erat Jovi sacrum, Querneum totum in quo Jovis Dodonæi Templum fuisse narratur.*

Semiramis of Babylon.

Semiramis, Queen of Assyria, is said to be the first that invented Eunuchs. *Semiramis teneros mares castravit omnium Prima.* Am. Marcel. L. 14. p. 22. Which is something strange in a Lady of her Constitution, who is said to have receiv'd Horses into her embraces (as another Queen did a Bull;) but that perhaps may be the reason why she after thought Men not worth the while.

For some Philosophers of late here.

S. K. D. in his Book of Bodies; who has this story of the German-Boy, which he endeavours to make good, by several Natural Reasons; By which those who have the Dexterity

terity to believe what they please, may be fully satisfied of the probability of it.

A Persian Emp'r or whip'd his Grand'm.

*Xerxes, who us'd to whip the Seas and Wind.
In Coram, atque Eurum solitus seuire Fla-
gellis. Juven. Sat. 10.*

So th' ancient Stoicks in the Porch.

*In Porticu (Stoicorum Scholâ Athenis) Discipulo-
rum seditionibus, mille Quadringenti triginta
Cives interfecti sunt. Diog. Laert. in vita
Zenonis. p. 383. Those old Virtuoso's were
better Proficients in those Exercises, than
Modern, who seldom, improve higher than
Cuffing and Kicking.*

That Bonum is an Animal.

Bonum is such a kind of Animal, as our Mo-
dern *Virtuosi* from *Don Quixot*, will have
Windmills under sail to be. The same Au-
thors are of opinion That all Ships are
Fishes while they are afloat, but when they
are run on ground, or laid up in the Dock,
become Ships again.

————— *In a Town*

There liv'd a Cobler, and but one.

The History of the Cobler has been attested
by Persons of good credit, who were upon
the place when it was done.

Have

Have been exchange'd for Tub's of Ale.

The Knight was kept prisoner in *Exeter*, and after several exchanges propos'd, but none accepted of was at last releas'd for a Barrel of Ale, as he often us'd upon all occasions to declare.

Bore a Slave with him in his Chariot.

— *Et sibi Consul,*

Ne placeat, curru servus portatur eodem. Juven
Sat. 10.

Hung out their Mantles Della-Guerre.

Tunica Coccinea solebat pridie quam dimicandum esset, supra Prætorium poni quasi admonitio, & indicium futuræ pugna. Lipsius in Tacit.
p. 56.

Next Links and Torches, &c.

That the Roman Emperors were wont to have Torches born before them (by day) in publick, appears by *Herodian* in *Pertinace*. Lip. in *Tacit.* p. 16.

Vespasian being daub'd with Dirt.

C. Cæsar succensens, propter curam verrendis viis non adhibitam, Luto jussit oppleri, congesto per milites in prætextæ sinum. Sueton. in *Vespas.*
Ca. 5.

Has

*Has not this present Parliament
A Ledger to the Devil sent,*

The Witch-finder in *Suffolk*, who in the Presbyterian times had a Commission to discover Witches, of whom (right or wrong) he caus'd 60 to be hang'd within the compass of one Year, and among the rest the old Minister who had been a painful Preacher for many Years.

*Did he not help the Dutch to purge
At Antwerp their Cathedral Church?*

In the beginning of the Civil Wars of *Flanders*, the common people of *Antwerp* in a tumult broke open the Cathedral Church, to demolish Images and Shrines; and did so much mischief in a small time, that *Strada* writes, there were several Devils seen very busy among them, otherwise it had been impossible.

Sing Catches to the Saints at Mascon.

This Devil of *Mascon* deliver'd all his Oracles, like his forefathers, in Verse, which he sung to Tunes: He made several Lampoons upon the Hugonots, and foretold them many things which afterwards came to pass; as may be seen in his *Memoirs*, written in *French*.

Appea

*Appear in divers shapes to Kelly,
And speak i' th' Nun at Loudon's Belly.*

The History of Dr. Dee and the Devil, published by Mer. Causabon, Isac. Fil. Prebendary of Canterbury, has a large account of all those Passages; in which the style of the true and false Angels appears to be penn'd by one and the same person. The Nun of Loudon in France and all her tricks, have been seen by many Persons of Quality of this Nation yet living, who have made very good observations upon the French Book written upon that occasion.

Meet with the Parliaments Committee

At Woodstock on a Pers'nal Treaty:

A Committee of the long Parliament sitting in the King's House in Woodstock-Park, were terrify'd with several Apparitions, the particulars whereof were then the News of the whole Nation.

At Sarum took a Cavalier.

Withers has a long story in Doggerel, of a Soldier of the King's Army, who being a Prisoner at Salisbury, and drinking a health to the Devil upon his knees, was carried away by him through a single pane of Glass.

Since

Since old Hodg-Bacon,

Roger Bacon, commonly call'd *Friar Bacon*, liv'd in the Reign of our *Edward* the I. and for some little skill he had in the *Mathematicks*, was by the rabble accompted a Conjuror, and had the sottish story of the *Brazen Head* father'd upon him, by the Ignorant Monks of those days. *Robert Grosthead* was Bishop of *Lincoln* in the Reign of *Hen. III.* He was a Learned Man for those times, and for that reason suspected by the Clergy to be a Conjuror, for which crime being degraded by Pope *Innocent* the IV. and summon'd to appear at *Rome*, he appeal'd to the Tribunal of Christ; which our Lawyers say is illegal, if not a *Premunire*, for offering to sue in a Foreign Court.

Which Socrates, and Chærephon

In vain assay'd so long agoe.

Aristophanes in his Comedy of the Clouds, bring in *Socrates* and *Chærephon*, measuring the leap of a Flea, from the one's Beard to the other's,

Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk.

This *Fisk* was a late famous Astrologer, who flourish'd about the time of *Subtile*, and *Face*, and was equally celebrated By *Ben. Johnson*.

Unlesse

Unless it be that Cannon-Ball.

This experiment was try'd by some Foreign *Virtuoso's*, who planted a Piece of Ordnance point-blank against the *Zenith*, and having fir'd it, the Bullet never rebounded back again, which made them all conclude that it sticks in the mark; but *Des-Cartes* was of opinion, that it does but hang in the Air.

As lately was reveal'd to Sedgwyck.

This *Sedgwyck* had many persons (and some of Quality) that believ'd in him, and prepar'd to keep the day of Judgment with him but were disappointed; for which the false Prophet was afterwards call'd by the name of *Doomesday Sedgwyck*.

Your Modern Indian Magician,

Makes but a hole in th' Earth to piss in.

This compendious new way of Magick is affirm'd by *Monsieur Le Blanc* (in his Travels) to be us'd in the *East-Indies*.

Bum-

Bumbastus kept a Devil's Bird, &c.

Paracelsus is said to have kept a small Devil prisoner in the Pommel of his Sword, which was the reason, perhaps, why he was so valiant in his Drink; Howsoever it was to better purpose than *Annibal* carry'd Poyson in his, to dispatch himself, if he should happen to be surpriz'd in any great extremity; for the Sword would have done the Feat alone, much better and more Soldier-like. And it was below the Honour of so great a Commander, to go out of the World like a Rat.

Agrippa kept a Stygian Pug.

Cornelius Agrippa had a Dog that was suspected to be a Spirit, for some tricks he was wont to do, beyond the capacity of a Dog, as it was thought; but the Author of *Magia Adamica* has taken a great deal of pains to vindicate both the Doctor and the Dog from that aspersion, in which he has shown a very great respect and kindness for them both.

As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick.

Averrhois Astronomiam propter Excentricos contempsit. Phil. Melancton in Elem. Phys. p. 781.

The

The Median Emp'ror dreamt his Daughter.

Astyages King of Media had this Dream of his Daughter Mandane, and the Interpretation from the Magi, wherefore he married her to a Persian of a mean Quality, by whom she had Cyrus, who conquer'd all Asia, and translated the Empire from the Medes to the Persians, Herodot. l. 2.

When Cæsar in the Senate fell.

Fiunt aliquando prodigiosi, & longiores Solis Defectus, quales occiso Cæsare Dictatore & Antoniano Bello, totius Anni Pallore continuo. Plin.

Augustus having b' Oversight, &c.

Divus Augustus Levum sibi prodidit calceum prapostere indutum, quo die seditione Militum propè afflictus est. Idem l. 2.

The Roman Senate when within

The City Walls, an Owl was seen:

Romani L. Crasso & C. Mario Coss. Bubone viso orbem lustrabant.

For Anaxagoras long ago,

Saw Hills as well as you & th' Moon:

Anaxagoras affirmabat Solem candens Ferrum esse, & Peloponneso majorem: Lunam Habitaculum

cula in se Habere, & Colles, & valles. Fertur
dixisse Calum omne ex Lapidibus esse composi-
tum; Damnatus & in exilium pulsus est, quod
impie Solem candentem laminam esse dixisset.
Diogen. Laert. in Anaxag. p. 11. 13.

The Egyptians say, the Sun has twice
Shifted his Setting and his Rise,

Aegyptii Decem millia Annorum & amplius recen-
sent; & observatum est in hoc tanto Spatio,
bis mutata esse Loca Ortuum & Occasuum Solis
ita ut Sol bis ortus sit ubi nunc occidit, & bis
descenderit ubi nunc oritur. Phil. Melanct.
Lib. 1. p. 60.

Some hold the Heavens like a Top,
Are kept by Circulation up.

Causa quare Calum non cadit, (secundum Empedo-
clem) est velocitas sui motus. Comment. in L.
2. Aristot. de Cælo.

Plato believ'd the Sun and Moon
Below all other Planets run.

Plato Solem & Lunam cæteris Planetis inferiores
esse putavit. G. Cunnin. in Cosmogr. L. 1.
p. 11.

Second PART. 162

The Learned Scaliger complain'd.

Copernicus in Libris Revolutionum, deinde Reinholdus, post etiam Stadius Mathematici nobiles perspicuis Demonstrationibus docuerunt, solis Ap-sida Terris esse propiorem, quam Ptolomæi atate duodecim partibus, i. e. uno & triginta terra semidiametris, Jo. Bod. Met. Hist. p. 455.

Cardan believ'd great great States depend, &c

Putat Cardanus, ab extrema Cauda, Helices seu Majoris ursæ omne magnum Imperium pendere. Idem. p. 325.

That th' old Chaldean Conjurers

In so many Hundred Thousand Tears.

Chaldæi jactant se quadringinta septuaginta An-norum millia in periclitandis, experiundisque Puerorum Animis posuisse. Cicero.

Like Money by the Druids borrow'd, &c.

Druidæ pecuniam mutuo accipiebant in Posteriore vita reddituri. Patricius Tom. 2. p. 9.

That paltry story is untrue,

And forg'd to cheat such Galls as you.

There was a notorious Idiot (that is here de-scrib'd by the Name and Character of Wha-

chum) who counterfeited a Second Part of *Hudibras*, as untowardly as Captain *Po*, who could not write himself, and yet made a shift to stand on the Pillory, for Forging other Mens hands, as his Fellow *Whachum*, no doubt deserv'd ; in whose abominable Doggerel ; This story of *Hudibras* and a French Mountebank at *Brentford Fair*, is as properly describ'd.

*That the vibration of this Pendulum
Shall make all Taylors Yards of one
Unanimous Opinion.*

The device of the Vibration of a Pendulum was intended to settle a certain Measure of Ells and Yards, &c. (that should have its foundation in Nature) all the World over : For by swinging a weight at the end of a string, and calculating (by the motion of the Sun, or any Star) how long the Vibration would last, in proportion to the length of the String, and weight of the Pendulum ; they thought to reduce it back again, and from any part of time, compute the exact length of any string, that must necessarily vibrate in so much space of time : So that if a Man should ask in *China* for a Quarter of an Hour of *Satin* or *Taffata*, they would know perfectly what it meant. And all Mankind learn a new way to measure things no more by

the

the Yard, Foot, or Inch, but by the Hour
Quarter, and Minute.

Before the Secular Prince of Darknefs,

As the Devil is the spiritual Prince of Dark-
nefs, so is the Constable the Secular, who
governs in the night with as great Autho-
rity as his Colleague, but far more impe-
riously.

FINIS

Quarter, and Minute.

It is the 2nd of June 1864.

As the bill is the National Trust
and is the only one of the kind
governed in the National Trust
as the bill is the National Trust

